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"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

THIS week we print, on pages 632 and 633, another picture which shows at a glance the position of the Union men in this contest. The constitutional standard-bearer, who through good report and evil report has held the flag of the country aloft and triumphant, is represented surrounded by his gallant fellow-citizens of the army and navy, who on land and sea have maintained the honor and integrity of the nation. Neither he nor they ask for "an immediate cessation of hostilities"—neither he nor they are ignorant of the great price of constant sacrifice of every kind that must be paid for the final victory of the people over their enemies; of loyal men over traitors; of the great mass of men who live by their own labor over a privileged class that call workmen "mud-sills;" the triumph of the true Democracy over the only aristocracy in the land.

"Soldiers," said the President a few days since to a returning regiment, "I thank you in behalf of the country for the services you have rendered.... The war is for the perpetuation of the principle of equal rights to all. In this Government the sober and industrious have an equal chance. I occupy the White House now; but there is an equal chance that your father's son may be as fortunate as my father's son."

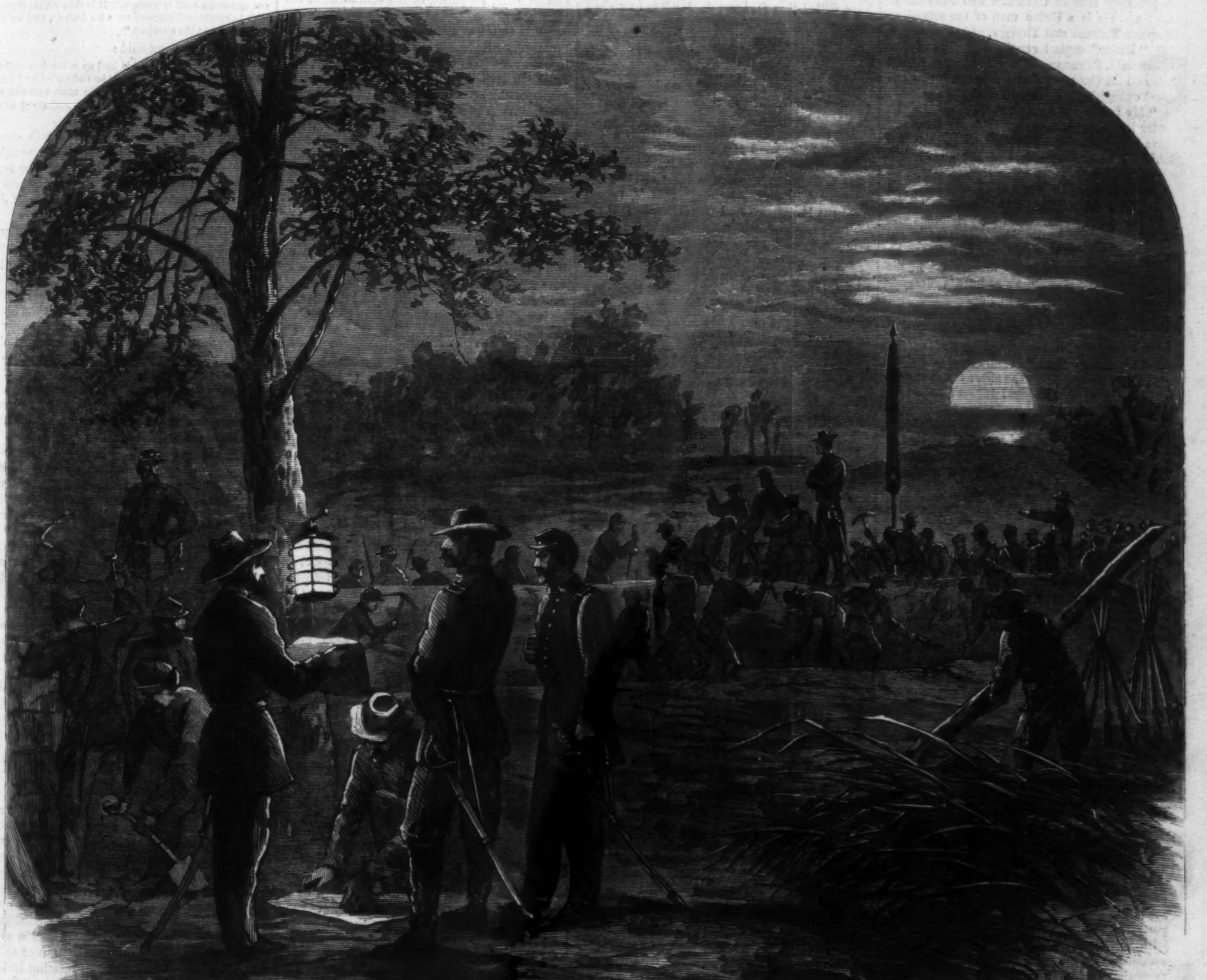
These are the words of a true Democrat and honest man, sprung from the people, and conscious that he is upholding their cause against traitorous enemies every where. "This is your war," he says. "Boys, rally round your Flag!"

GEN. WARREN EXTENDING HIS LINES.

THE sketch which we give on this page is one which illustrates an operation continually going on on General GRANT's extreme left. According to the rebel journals the Lieutenant-General is slowly pushing westward from the Weldon Railroad; as he moves in this direction he fortifies his extended line. The scene given in the sketch relates especially to General WARREN's front. The work of fortifying goes on at night, to avoid exposure to the enemy's fire.

THE U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "NEW ERA."

ON September 8, at Fairhaven, Connecticut, was launched the torpedo-boat *New Era*, of which we give a sketch on page 636. It is the first boat of the kind worthy of notice. She is a wooden vessel, seventy-five feet long, twenty feet beam, and seven feet depth of hold. She is securely built, her heavy beams being supported by hanging knees bolted and fastened, and is to receive an armor plating sufficient to make her shot and shell proof. Her engine has a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter, with eighteen inches stroke of piston, and works a screw capable of propelling the vessel at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The boiler furnishes the steam for the main engine as well as for the auxiliary engines, which work the submerging pumps, and the mechanism by which the torpedo arm places the torpedo beneath the ship. Forward of the boiler is the steering wheel, and then comes the torpedo-machine. It requires twelve men to man the vessel. The following is the method in which the torpedo-machine operates: As the vessel advances toward her victim a torpedo, varying in charge from sixty to two hundred pounds of powder, is placed in a basket-like contrivance, attached to a long rod. The torpedo is capped, and the hammer which is to explode it is secured, and every thing being in readiness, the large working box is closed, the gate at the bow of the vessel is raised; the water then rushes in until it is filled. The machine is now set in motion, and a long iron arm carries the basket containing the torpedo out from the vessel, and, closing up to the enemy, by means of a rod within this arm, the torpedo is released from its receptacle and is deposited in the water in just such a position as allows it to float up against the bottom of the vessel intended to be destroyed. The machinery still keeps on revolving, and the same motion which caused the arm to run out brings it back; the vessel in the mean time backs out of the way of the vessel intended to be sunk, and at the moment fixed upon the hammer falls, the cap is exploded, and the work is done. The basket may be again charged and the process repeated. The invention of this ingenious machine, by Chief-Engineer W. W. WOOD, U.S.N., introduces a new era in submarine warfare.



GENERAL WARREN EXTENDING AND FORTIFYING HIS LINES ACROSS THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

SOLDIERS' HYMN.

There is a land where strife shall cease,
Where arms shall clash no more;
Where all is calm content and peace;
Lord, bring us to that shore!
In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength, his staff, his stay.

About the graves of good men gone
Make thou the grass to shine;
Our armies lead to victory on,
And make their victories thine.
In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength, his staff, his stay.

And when we've done with life's events,
When the dark shadows fall,
Help us, O Lord, to strike our tents
For the last march of all.
To the sad tent, to the sick tent,
To the dying tent, come down,
And gem the rough wood of the cross
With the blossoms of the crown.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 1, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CANDIDATE.

THE patriotism of the American people rejected with such instant scorn and indignation the craven platform of the M'Clellan and Pendleton party that the managers are now painfully struggling to separate the candidates from the Convention and platform. So far as egards Mr. Pendleton this effort is hopeless. He is as plainly and fully upon the record as Mr. Vallandigham. His political philosophy precisely that of Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. He is a Union man of the school of Robert Toombs and Yancey, and of no other. "Union" capital can be made out of Mr. George H. Pendleton. He is therefore passed, and M'Clellan's letter is offered as "a good enough" platform until after the election.

"My face is my fortune, Sir, she said." His letter is his platform, we are told. That would have been a more plausible deception if the party which is to support him had not already declared what he is to do. The representatives of that party from all parts of the country, and fresh from their constituents, met at Chicago and deliberately proclaimed their opinions and their policy; and as the New York *Herald*, the earliest supporter of M'Clellan, truly says: "The Copperheads are the law-makers of the Democratic party"—if the meeting at Chicago is to be allowed to usurp that name.

But the letter itself does not deny the assertion of the platform that the war is a failure; on the contrary, it substantially repeats it, by saying that we derive no result from our victories. It does not reject the effort for an immediate cessation of hostilities; it says merely that when it shall be probable, whether by means of such an effort or otherwise, that the rebels are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union, then—they may return to their obedience to the Government? Not at all; but that then we will proceed to consider upon what terms they are to obey. Is not the Constitution enough? If so, why does he not say so? Having taken up arms against the Government, are the rebels to be bribed to lay them down by the promise of a change in the Constitution? That is to grant the success of the rebellion. It is the surrender made at Chicago, and it is repeated in M'Clellan's vague phrases about "exhausting all the resources of statesmanship."

No man who reads this letter but sees its juggling intention. It talks of "the Union at all hazards," but so the Chicago platform declares Union to be "the aim and object" of the party. But *what* Union is meant? Is it Union under the Constitution of the United States, or the Montgomery Constitution? Horatio Seymour says the last is the best. Senator Hunter, of Virginia, told a member of the Peace Congress in 1861 that all the Northern States except New England would accept the Montgomery Constitution. M'Clellan knows perfectly well the intended policy of the men who are his supporters, and they have purposely left this loop-hole in his letter.

But after this fine flourish about Union, what does the letter end in? In the acceptance of the nomination offered by the framers and supporters of the platform, and by falling into line with Mr. George H. Pendleton a frank disunionist. To know the real significance of this campaign, therefore, and the true position of the candidates, we are to ascertain the views and intentions of their supporters.

The organ of M'Clellan in New York, which informs a sympathetic world that it "loves" him, says that when he accepted the nomination he, of course, accepted the platform.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a Vallandigham paper, says that M'Clellan "stands on the platform erected by the Convention as far as it goes, and adds another," which, "under his administration would never be required for use."

The Chicago *Times*, one of the most virulent submission sheets in the country, says: "He accepts the trust and with it all the conditions named."

The Boston *Courier*, which declares the war infamous, unscrupulously advocates the election of M'Clellan.

Mr. Vallandigham says that while M'Clellan will adhere to the Union (Mr. V. himself proposes to divide it into quarters), yet "he is committed to—and he is a gentleman, and will carry out every pledge made—he is committed to resort to peaceable instrumentalities to accomplish that purpose." Mr. V. made the Chicago platform, seconded the nomination of M'Clellan, has read his letter, and, as the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says, will "cordially support and vote for M'Clellan and Pendleton."

Mr. Fernando Wood, who, as Mayor of New York, regretted that he could not send arms to the rebels to shoot loyal men with, says that he shall give all his influence and weight to the election of M'Clellan, and that his letter declares for compromise.

Mr. Bone, of Pennsylvania, said, at Chicago, that "if they wanted the war to go on, then they should support Lincoln." But he, Bone, of Pennsylvania, as a peace man, was in favor of M'Clellan.

"Capt." Koontz, of Pittsburg, remarked that "if Democrats catch Lincoln's b——y satrap spies among them they must cut their d——d throats, that's all. It is the duty of every American to vote for a peace candidate...... D—n Lincoln and his miserable followers! I should like to see the noble George B. M'Clellan as President; and that great Democrat, Horatio Seymour, should be Secretary of State." The "Capt.," we hope, enlarged upon "the Lincoln despotism" which suppresses free speech.

Mr. Perrine, after some indecent remarks disparaging Mr. Lincoln and extolling Jefferson Davis, asked that "the people shall bow down to the will of the people, and they have willed that George B. M'Clellan shall be nominated and elected."

"Capt." Isaiah Rynders said: "We are one and all for peace......my first choice is George B. M'Clellan."

A Memphis "gentleman" gave his voice for peace, and invoked the election of the gallant M'Clellan.

Mr. "Sunset" Cox declared "the war a failure," and supported M'Clellan.

Horatio Seymour, the President of the Chicago Convention, denies the right of the Government "to coerce States;" that is, to enforce the laws: and said in Wisconsin that the Chicago candidate was the representative of the principles of those who nominated him.

The resolutions of the State Conventions of the party during the year, as in Maine, Kentucky, Illinois, and elsewhere, are all in the key of the Chicago platform.

These are the men and the influences which went to Chicago, declared the war a failure, called for submission to the rebellion, and nominated M'Clellan and Pendleton. These are the men upon whose support Pendleton and M'Clellan rely. Suppose that, alarmed by the popular wrath, M'Clellan strikes a fine attitude and shouts, "The Union at all hazards!" is any honest man deceived? What says his party—what say his backers and supporters? "Wait till we elect our man," says shrewd old Amos Kendall, "and then we can do what we choose."

Is it to such men in such a crisis that the people of the United States are likely to intrust their Government? The letter of M'Clellan is merely a fool-hardy experiment upon the intelligence of the American people.

GEN. SHERMAN ON "A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."

It is refreshing to turn from the shame of the Chicago confession of rebel invincibility and the duty of national submission to the insurrection, to the noble order of General Sherman congratulating his troops. It has the manly ring of all his words and all his acts. It is modest, clear, vigorous, and not without a glow of generous pride in the great achievements of his trained and heroic soldiers. A brief history of the stupendous campaign, an honorable recognition of the patience and skill of the enemy, a word of heart-felt honor and sorrow for the fallen, naturally culminate in an expression of the profoundest faith in the grand old cause to which every true heart is devoted.

Let all faithful Americans who are not willing to see their nation humiliated and ruined, and its Government overthrown by the arms or the arts of rebels, compare the following passages from General Sherman's order and from Messrs. Vallandigham's and Seymour's platform, for whose candidates our votes are asked. The M'Clellan-Pendleton resolution says:

> "This Convention does explicitly declare as the sense of the American people that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war....immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities."

Hear now a declaration of the sense of the American soldier:

> "This completed the grand task which had been assigned us by our Government, and your General again repeats his personal and official thanks to all the officers and men composing this army, for the indomitable courage and perseverance which alone could give success. We have beaten the enemy on every ground he has chosen, and have wrested from him his own Gate City, where were located his foundries, arsenals, and work-shops, deemed secure on account of their distance from our base, and the seemingly impregnable obstacles intervening. Nothing is impossible to an army like this, determined to vindicate a Government which has rights wherever our flag has once floated, and is resolved to maintain them at any and all cost."

Upon the first platform stand M'Clellan and Pendleton, Vallandigham and the Woods, Franklin Pierce and Horatio Seymour. Upon the last stand Lincoln and Johnson, Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Canby, Farragut and Porter. With which of these, American citizens, are the honor, dignity, and peace of the nation most secure?

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. PENDLETON B. M'CLELLAN.

General M'Clellan, the candidate of "an immediate cessation of hostilities" and "peaceable methods" with rebels who defy the Government, and slaughter and torture loyal citizens and soldiers, stands arm-in-arm upon the Chicago Platform with Mr. George H. Pendleton. If you vote for the one you vote for the other. It is the same figure with two faces. The one turned North is called George B. The one turned South is called George H. George B., in a military coat, says, "The Union at all hazards." George H., in the whitest of white cravats, and the whitest of white feathers in his button-hole, weeps, "If they must leave the family mansion I would bid them farewell so tenderly that they would forever be touched by the recollection of it." George B., in the military coat, shouts still, not daring to amplify, "The Union at all hazards!" George H., with the Calhoun starch in his cravat, asks, "Now, Sir, what force of arms can compel a State to refrain from doing that which her State Government, supported by the sentiment of her people, is determined to persist in doing?"

"The Union at all hazards!" shouts the military George B., looking heroically for six months into the mouths of Quaker guns. "No, no, no," votes the civil George H. against all the bills to support by arms the authority of the Government. At Antietam George B. gives Lee a day to draw off his army from destruction. In Washington George H. votes that it is not the duty of the people to overcome the rebellion, and that the seceding States should be allowed to go with assurances of distinguished consideration.

Which is it? Who is it? What is it? If a man votes for the Chicago nominees does he really believe that he is voting against the rebellion? Which side of the candidates does he vote for? In the universal confusion he can be perfectly sure of one thing only, and that is, that he is voting exactly as Jeff Davis and the rebels wish him to vote. "Hurrah for M'Clel'n and Pen'ton!" shouted an estimable "Conservative" voter, whose wits were bewildered either with wine or with the hopeless Chicago fog. "I mean for M'Kellan and P'lenton! No, that ain't it. Hurrah, I say, for M'Kennel and Pel'ton!" The poor fellow got further from the mark at every attempt, until he finally gave it up in despair, exclaiming, "Oh! d—n such a mixed up mess! Hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

If lanterns voted and rockets argued—if shouts carried an election, and a New York crowd in Union Square were the American people at the ballot-box, Mr. Pendleton and General M'Clellan ought to be contented. Possibly the illumination of the meeting in Union Square a week since may have been bright enough to be visible at several miles distance. But dazzling as it was, we can assure our friends outside the city that it did not obscure in the least the plain question before the country.

There are but two candidates and two platforms. Every voter will support one or the other. Every man who wishes the unconditional maintenance of the Government will vote for Lincoln and Johnson; while all who have no faith in the right or the power of the Government to sustain itself—all who think that the "Confederacy" should be recognized—all who hold that a State is "sovereign," and may coerce the National Government and the other States, but must not itself be "coerced"—all who intend that the national debt shall be repudiated—all who believe that the war is and ought to be a failure, and that there should be an immediate cessation of hostilities, will vote for M'Clellan and Pendleton.

We do not say that some citizens who honestly mean the absolute maintenance of the Government will not vote for Pendleton and M'Clellan—but in what company will they find themselves?

The hope of the M'Clellan-Pendleton managers is to carry the State of New York by securing the Chicago candidates an immense majority in the city. That they will have a majority here nobody doubts. But does any body doubt that the same city would cast a heavy majority to-morrow to make peace on Jefferson Davis's terms? Can the majority of such a city be considered a Union majority? Can the candidates who will unquestionably receive it be considered in good faith Union candidates, especially when one of them frankly says that the Government has no right to maintain itself by force, and that if we can not conciliate the rebels we must "let the seceding States depart in peace?"

All the colored lanterns in the country, all the denunciation of the President of the United States as a bloody monster, a usurper, an ape, a joker, and a buffoon, can not blind the common sense of the American people to the issue.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

At the late M'Clellan meeting in the city of New York, Mr. Rankin, of Philadelphia, formerly President of the Keystone Club, said that

> "If Mr. Lincoln remained in office under the plea of military necessity, when 'Little Mac' was legally elected the next President, the people must use force to install him their chief magistrate."

Mr. W. J. Rose said

> "That if any unfair means were used by the Administration to hold power under any plea but justice, then the people must show their might and power in enforcing their claims."

Governor Parker said that the speech of Mr. Seward at Auburn

> "Conveyed a threat that, in case Mr. Lincoln should be defeated at the polls, he would resort to the means generally adopted by despots, and endeavor to perpetuate his reign by the force of the bayonet."

Mr. John Kelly said:

> "Let no soldiers stand in the way of the people at the ballot-box. It was done once before—let it not be done again."

Mr. John M'Keon said:

> "These men are determined to exercise their rights at the ballot-box, and will the Administration dare to bring military power to bear upon you?"

Mr. A. Oakey Hall said:

> "There is yet a more dangerous kind of tactics which our opponents hold in reserve. It is that which theorizes with bayonets and dogmatizes with bullets, and we have that to fear in the elections."

Judge Comstock said:

> "The usurper now has his heel upon the free suffrages of the people; yet if the people be defrauded by military intervention at the polls, the people must and will take George B. M'Clellan in their arms, and carry him to the Presidency."

From whom does this kind of talk come? From the supporters of the only party members of which have ever resisted by force the result of a constitutional election. From the late political allies and the present apologists of Jefferson Davis and the rebels.

For what purpose is it used? To give occasion for resistance to the result of the election if the Government shall take measures to prevent fraud at the polls.

These fiery and foolish orators should remember that their late friends the rebels at the South, and themselves at the North, tried to carry the last Presidential election by the same kind of threats. They menaced the people with civil war then if they did not submit to the dictation of Davis and Yancey and Toombs, and allow Breckinridge to be elected; and the people of every free State in the land spurned them and their threats.

They believe these people to be now thoroughly cowed and craven, and utterly whipped-in by Davis and his crew, and so they crack the whip once more, and threaten fire and slaughter if M'Clellan is not elected. Well, do Vermont and Maine seem to be very much terrified? and do the gentlemen suppose that threats which could not intimidate a people actually rusty with peace and ignorant of war, are likely to appall the same people when for four years they have been trained to war and are still in arms? These orators will discover, as the rebels are fast learning, that the people of the United States do not intend to be Mexicanized; and that politicians merely betray the frantic desperation of their cause when they conduct a Presidential canvass by bloody threats instead of arguments.

"A SOURCE OF FEAR AND DREAD."

Mr. August Belmont, Chairman of the National "Democratic" Committee—the gentleman at whose house, as was publicly stated in the newspapers at the time, an Englishman was allowed to wear a rebel badge without reproof from the host—a gentleman of such uncertain loyalty that there was long and serious opposition to placing his name upon the Committee of the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair, and a gentleman known as an especial partisan of General M'Clellan—said at the last meeting in Union Square, as reported in the papers, "that the nomination of General M'Clellan [and of course his companion Pendleton] was a source of fear and dread to the Southern leaders."

Let us see if it is.

M'Clellan and Pendleton are the candidates of the party which calls itself "Democratic." The nomination of M'Clellan was seconded by Mr. Vallandigham, who has been the faithful friend of the rebels, and the steady apologist of the rebellion. Every man who has been conspicuous for resisting every measure necessary for carrying on the war loudly electioneers for him. The presumption therefore is, that the rebels would not feel very sore or greatly aggrieved by his nomination. And, despite the assurance of Mr. Belmont, they do not. Speaking of Mr. Lincoln's possible defeat the Richmond *Examiner* says:

> "A new party will succeed to power, which will sheathe the sword and hold out the olive branch."

Again:

> "If the Administration fails the war will fail....because a war administration, employing the full resources and power of its country, when its finances were unimpaired and its resources unexhausted, will have failed to subdue the South; and because the inference will be irresistible that what could not be accomplished by a war administration in the full vigor of Federal resources, can not be by *a peace administration* succeeding to power after those resources had been materially reduced."

Again:

> "The Democratic party would have been forever obliged to General Hood if he had managed to hold Atlanta for another fortnight."

The Atlanta *Register*, speaking of the Chicago party several months since, says:

> "Meanwhile if they will use the ballot-box against Mr. Lincoln, while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other."

Even before the Chicago Convention had declared for submission to the rebellion the Richmond *Examiner* said:

> "A Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

Again:

> "In one way, and one way only, can we influence the result, but that is a most potential method, it is by striking some quick and fierce blows now, both by land and sea."

In other words, national defeat and humiliation insures the success of the Chicago party. An army letter in the New York *Herald* says:

> "Mr. Barrows while working outside the stockade had frequent conversations with rebel officers......The prevailing belief is that 'the Democrats will elect a President that will help us.'"

The *Examiner* of the 8th September says:

> "Every defeat of Lincoln's forces....inures to the advantage of M'Clellan......The influence of the South, more powerful in the shock of battle than when throwing her minority vote in an electoral college, will be cast in favor of M'Clellan by this indirect yet efficacious means."

These are but a few of the words of the Southern leaders. Do such expressions show, as Mr. Belmont declares, that those leaders "fear and dread" the success of the Chicago candidates? "Here and there are to be found," says a leading rebel journal, "one Pierce, one Vallandigham, one Wood, and two Seymours like the five just men in Sodom." Well, these five just men earnestly support Pendleton and M'Clellan, and the sixth just man, Mr. Belmont, gravely says that the rebels "fear and dread" their success. But if the success of Pendleton, Vallandigham, Wood, M'Clellan, and the Seymours, inspires "fear and dread" among the rebels, what will be their emotions at that of Lincoln, Grant, Johnson, Sheridan, Farragut, and Sherman?

SHERIDAN AND THE SHENANDOAH.

General Philip Sheridan and his gallant officers and men do not seem anxious for "an immediate cessation of hostilities." They are of the opinion of General Dix, that if any man pull down the American flag, or resists with arms the American Government, he is to be shot upon the spot, and is not to be blarneyed with under the shade of olive-branches. We can assure the brave boys in the Shenandoah Valley that they made a whole country happy on Tuesday the 20th September, when the news of their victory came—a whole country except those who, two years ago, invoked the interference of England, and who now, in company with the British aristocracy, are in despair over our national successes.

But the great multitude of loyal American citizens hail with delight the triumph of Sheridan and the Army of the Shenandoah, while they and their children will forever hold in sacred remembrance and honor the heroic Russell and his companions, who have fought their last fight, and have died that their country may live. Peace to the soldiers' memory! A regenerated nation shall be their monument.

The importance of the Shenandoah victory will be soon perceived. It shuts up the Richmond granary. It disposes of the force Lee was able to send to protect it. He must, therefore, either send another force to dispute Sheridan's advance to Lynchburg—or he must come out and give Grant battle—or he must evacuate Virginia. The genius of Grant is once more illustrated by his chosen General, and we hope that Sheridan will do with Winchester what Sherman is doing with Atlanta, make it a fortified base of operations.

There is no need of pointing the moral of this victory. Every body felt it when the news came. There is a party and there are candidates whose chances of success were diminished by it, and will be further diminished by every victory of our arms; a party and candidates whose chances would be increased if news came that Farragut had been forced away from before Mobile, and Sherman from Atlanta, and Sheridan from Winchester, and that Grant had been driven to the James. Are those the party and the candidates which the American people will delight to honor? They will answer for themselves on the 8th of November

THE TWO DROMIOS.

On Saturday, September 17, the Honorable Robert C. Winthrop of Boston, who has always refused to associate with Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, came all the way to New York to strike hands and sit upon the same platform with the Honorable Fernando Wood and Captain Isaiah Rynders of New York. Mr. Winthrop made a speech for M'Clellan and Pendleton, and kicked at the Chicago Platform. Mr. Wood made a speech for M'Clellan and Pendleton, and kicked at the letter of acceptance. Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Wood will vote together for M'Clellan and Pendleton. Which is which, and who is who? Is it Mr. Winthrop or Mr. Wood who would determine the policy of their candidates if they could be elected?

How can Mr. Winthrop seriously believe that he serves the Union better by voting for Mr. Pendleton, an avowed disunionist and State-sovereignty advocate, than his friend Mr. Edward Everett serves it by voting for Andrew Johnson? Mr. Winthrop by his present course deliberately deserts Daniel Webster for John C. Calhoun.

"PEACE."

We invite thoughtful citizens to ponder these words of Mr. John M'Keon, an ardent "peace" supporter of the Pendleton-M'Clellan nomination. "So sure as Abe Lincoln is re-elected there will be a bloody revolution North and West."

Who will make it? The friends of the successful candidates, or the friends of "peace" who import carbines and pistols to resist the Government, who regret that they can not send arms to be used against loyal citizens, and who vote for M'Clellan and Pendleton?

We are, then, to understand, from past experience and from present threats, that if the Chicago party does not elect its candidates, it will take up arms. The Chicago party thus proclaims itself to be the Mexican party. Is that the platform which honest citizens wish to stand upon? Mr. John M'Keon forgets that the days of Plantation rule are past. The American people, citizens and soldiers, are not to be scared into voting for submission to Jefferson Davis, Wigfall, & Co. by any such crack of the whip as this. Yancey frayed out the snapper of that whip when he made his last speech in New York four years ago.

CAMPAIGN PICTURES.

The large picture in this paper of the soldiers and sailors rallying around the flag in the hands of the Constitutional standard-bearer is an argument which no man can escape. What better illustration of the simple issue of this election could any Union Club hang upon its walls? What more inspiring document could any Committee circulate?

And so with Mr. Nast's "Compromise with the South," published in the *Weekly* of September 3. It has already attracted universal attention, for it shows at a glance exactly what the Chicago party believes to be the condition of the country. It is the most complete commentary upon the principles which the Chicago candidates represent, and which, we believe, the people will repel with as overwhelming and just an indignation as they did the rebel shot at Sumter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIDAN'S VICTORY.

General Grant's visit to Sheridan was of no small importance, being the prelude to one of the most important and decisive victories of the war. Sheridan for the past few weeks, keeping hold of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, has held a position the advantage of which would become immediately apparent the moment Early should make his expected movement toward Martinsburg. At the latter point on Sunday, the 18th, Averill's command was situated, and was there attacked by Gordon's division of Early's army. Gordon was driven back a short distance to Darkesville. Sheridan's opportunity had now offered; he immediately broke camp and determined the next morning to cross the Opequan, on the Winchester and Berryville pike, with his entire command, including the Army of Western Virginia under Crook, which was to march from its encampment near Summit Point and effect a junction with the main column before crossing. At daylight, on the 19th, Wilson's cavalry crossed in advance and gained a position for the infantry on the Winchester side. The Sixth Corps was the first across and waited two hours for the Nineteenth, which was delayed. This delay gave Early time to get Gordon's command from Bunker Hill, a little south of Darkesville, and bring it up to support Breckinridge, Rhodes, and Ramseur. On the arrival of the Nineteenth the two corps advanced up to the enemy's lines, which had been formed in a position to resist Sheridan's advance. At first the rebel army, already formed and with artillery in position, had a great advantage, and the advanced line of the Federal army suffered considerable losses, and was driven back a short distance and in some confusion. Order was soon restored, however; the lines re-formed and the artillery got in position, and after an obstinate fight the lost position was regained. Crook's army, which had been held in reserve, was now brought up on the right, and the two armies of the Shenandoah now confronted each other in full strength, as Averill's command, with Torbert's, having been engaged all day at a point some distance north of the main attack, now came up on the right. It was 3 o'clock P.M. General Crook had formed on Sheridan's right and rear. The Federal line, three miles long, then advanced under cover of a tremendous artillery fire; and shortly after this advance the cavalry on the right were led by their masterly leaders in an impetuous charge which broke the ranks of the rebel army. In this charge between seven and eight hundred prisoners were taken.

The enemy routed and in confusion fled toward Winchester, through which and beyond they were pursued by the victorious cavalry. The rebel loss is roughly estimated at between 4000 and 5000 killed and wounded, and 5000 captured. The rebel Generals Rhodes and Wharton are reported killed, and Generals Bradley T. Johnson, Gordon, York, and Godman wounded. Fifteen battle-flags were captured and five guns. The Federal loss is estimated at 2000; among the killed is General David Russell, First Division, Sixth Corps. General M'Intosh, First Brigade, Third Cavalry Division, was wounded, also General Upton of Sixth Corps.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

From the armies of the James there is little to record. On the 16th the rebels captured about 2500 head of cattle near Harrison's Landing. These were intended for the army on the north bank of the James. Gregg's cavalry was sent in pursuit, but was unable to recover the stolen property.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

Sherman's army is concentrated at Atlanta. This city is to be made a grand military post. All the inhabitants, loyal and disloyal, are ordered to leave, and a truce of ten days, commencing September 14, has been established to carry out the order. The following is Sherman's congratulatory order, issued to his troops September 8:

Head-quarters Military Division of the Mississippi.
In the Field, Atlanta, Ga., *Sept.* 8, 1864.

Special Field-orders, No. 68:

The officers and soldiers of the armies of the Cumberland, Ohio, and Tennessee have already received the thanks of the Nation through its President and Commander-in-Chief; and now it remains only for him who has been with you from the beginning, and who intends to stay all the time, to thank the officers and men for their intelligence, fidelity, and courage displayed in the campaign of Atlanta.

On the first of May our armies were lying in garrison, seemingly quiet from Knoxville, and our enemy lay behind his rocky-faced barrier at Dalton, proud, defiant, and exulting. He had had time since Christmas to recover from his discomfiture on the Mission Ridge, with his ranks filled, and a new Commander-in-Chief, second to none of the Confederacy in reputation for skill, sagacity, and extreme popularity. All at once our armies assumed life and action, and appeared before Dalton. Threatening Rocky Face, we threw ourselves upon Resaca, and the rebel army only escaped by the rapidity of its retreat, aided by the numerous roads with which he was familiar, and which were strange to us. Again he took post in Allatoona, but we gave him no rest, and by a circuit toward Dallas and subsequent movement to Ackworth, we gained the Allatoona Pass. Then followed the eventful battles about Kenesaw, and the escape of the enemy across Chattahoochee River.

The crossing of the Chattahoochee and breaking of the Augusta Road was most handsomely executed by us, and will be studied as an example in the art of war. At this stage of our game our enemies became dissatisfied with their old and skillful commander, and selected one more bold and rash. New tactics were adopted. Hood first boldly and rapidly, on the 20th of July, fell on our right at Peachtree Creek, and lost. Again, on the 22d, he struck our extreme left, and was severely punished; and finally again, on the 28th, he repeated the attempt on our right, and that time must have been satisfied, for since that date he has remained on the defensive. We slowly and gradually drew our lines from Atlanta, feeling for the railroads which supplied the Rebel army and made Atlanta a place of importance. We must concede to our enemy that he met these efforts patiently and skillfully, but at last he made the mistake we had waited for so long, and sent his cavalry to our rear, far beyond the reach of recall. Instantly our cavalry was on his only remaining road, and we followed quickly with our principal army, and Atlanta fell into our possession as the fruit of well-concerted measures, backed by a brave and confident army. This completed the grand task which had been assigned us by our Government, and your General again repeats his personal and official thanks to all the officers and men composing this army, for the indomitable courage and perseverance which alone could give success.

We have beaten our enemy on every ground he has chosen, and have wrested from him *his own Gate City*, where were located his foundries, arsenals, and workshops, deemed secure on account of their distance from our base, and the seemingly impregnable obstacles intervening. *Nothing* is impossible to an army like this, determined to vindicate a Government which has rights wherever our flag has once floated, and is resolved to maintain them at any and all costs.

In our campaign many, yea, very many of our noble and gallant comrades have preceded us to our common destination, the grave; but they have left the memory of deeds on which a nation can build a proud history. M'Pherson, Harker, M'Cook, and others dear to us all, are now the binding links in our minds that should attach more closely together the living, who have to complete the task which still lies before us in the dim future. I ask all to continue, as they have so well begun, the cultivation of the soldierly virtues that have ennobled our own and other countries. Courage, patience, obedience to the laws and constituted authorities of our Government; fidelity to our trusts and good feeling among each other; each trying to excel the other in the presence of those high qualities, and it will then require no prophet to foretell that our country will in time emerge from this war, purified by the fires of war, and worthy of its great founder—Washington.

W. T. Sherman,
Major-General Commanding.

The following dispatch was sent by General Grant to General Sherman in answer to the latter's dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta:

City Point, Va., *Sept.* 4, 1864—9 P.M.

Major-General Sherman:

I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have just ordered a salute to be fired with shotted guns from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour amidst great rejoicing.

U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General.

THE MEXICANS AT BROWNSVILLE.

A somewhat remarkable episode of the war took place lately on the Rio Grande. September 6 the Imperialists moved upon Matamoras. They were met at White Ranche by General Cortinas and severely repulsed. The French fell back and Cortinas pursued. Brownsville is just opposite Matamoras in Texas, and was held by a Confederate force under Ford, who sent troops across the river to operate against Cortinas in the rear. Cortinas, disposing of the French army in his front, turned upon the Confederates and drove them to Brownsville: pursuing them across the river, he occupied Brownsville and erected the United States colors.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention met September 15 at Albany and nominated Horatio Seymour for Governor, and D. R. Floyd Jones for Lieutenant-Governor. The resolutions strongly indorsed the Chicago platform and the candidates of the Chicago Convention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The revolutionary movements in Ecuador against the Government of President Garcia, Morino, and General Flores, still continued at the latest advices. Several of the provinces were in full revolt. The fact that the Spanish Government intends to hold the Chincha Islands till Peru has complied with her demands in relation to the Palambo affair, and disavowed its complicity in the alleged attempt to poison and rob its Minister of his dispatches had caused among all classes in Peru the highest indignation. The Peruvian Secretary of State rejects the propositions of Spain, in a circular to its diplomatic agents abroad, but there are indications that his Government will, in the end, be compelled to yield. A plan had been matured to blow up the Spanish flag-ship.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

In the October number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, just published, Miss Harriet Prescott has contributed one of her most powerful stories, "Mrs. Gisborn's Way." It has unusual dramatic force; the painting is, as it always should be, made subordinate to the movement of the story. It is possible that some of our readers will think the severe sufferings of Mrs. Considine and her little ones overdrawn. But this will not seem so to those who remember the severity of last winter in the West. The following episode in connection with the storm which occurred on Saturday, January 2, in its features outdoes Miss Prescott's picture. What we are about to relate occurred during the night, in a house just outside the northern boundary of the city of Chicago. A poor woman, whose husband was killed in the war, lived there with her two boys, one aged five years and the other aged two. The woman went into the city on Saturday to make purchases, leaving her two little boys at home. About four o'clock in the afternoon she was met by a policeman, who, knowing her, and perceiving that she was under the influence of liquor, advised her to go home. Promising to do so, she started off in that direction. Late in the evening, however, she was found in the street, insensible from cold and intoxication. She was taken in by some benevolent individual, and cared for during the whole of that terrible night. Toward daylight on Sunday she recovered sufficiently to be able, in company with her preserver, to return home. When they both reached the humble dwelling, about seven o'clock, they found it full of smoke. On the floor lay the youngest child on a heap of snow, and frozen stiff. The eldest boy lay on the bed: he, too, was dead, but not then quite cold. During the night the storm must have blown the door open. The younger boy, suffering from cold, had probably risen to close it, or to seek warmth at the black and cold fire-place. Overpowered by the frost, he died without rousing his brother. When the elder brother awoke he found the room filled with snow, and his little brother dead. Perishing with cold he closed the door, and built a fire against the side of a trunk that stood near, and lay down benumbed. The fire had kindled and burned a hole in the trunk, another in the floor, and had also set a portion of the bed-clothes on fire. The mother and the stranger arrived in time to save the house, but too late to save life.

M. Delisle once observed a fly only as large as a grain of sand, which ran three inches in half a second, and in that space made the enormous number of five hundred and forty steps. If a man were to be able to run as fast in proportion to his size, supposing his step to measure two feet, he would in the course of a minute have run upward of twenty miles—a task far surpassing our express railroad engines, or the famous "Seven League Boots" in the nursery fable. In leaping, also, insects far excel man, or any other animal whatever. The flea can leap two hundred times its own length; so also can the locust. Some spiders can leap a couple of feet upon their prey.

Some years ago a marriage was arranged between Hans Steinman and Marguerite Bluhme. There was no disparity in their condition; Hans was a hunter, and Marguerite's father a laborer. Unhappily the latter, from imprudence or misfortune, became the debtor of a man named Dreihahn, who, being unable to get the money due to him, and having taken a great liking for Marguerite, proposed to cancel the debt, provided the girl's father would break off the marriage with Hans, and give his daughter to him. The bargain was agreed to with the consent of the girl, who probably thought a rich husband was better than a poor one. On the wedding-day Hans forced his way into the house where the festivities were going forward, and invited the bride to dance with him. She was too frightened to consent or refuse, and looked to her husband to know what he wished her to do. He got up and appealed to the company to drive out the intruder, who thereupon raised his gun, and with the butt knocked him down, and then snatched the wreath from the bride's head, and walked away. The marriage, however, was far from being a happy one.

Dreihahn, from motives of jealousy, treated his wife very badly for upward of five years, when a catastrophe occurred which removed her from his power. One Sunday evening, as she was returning from Murzsteg, where she had been to hear mass, she was met by a man at the entrance of a road which wound round the mountain, who remarked to her that she must be very careful, as the rail which guarded the path had been broken away for several yards; this, so far as is known, was the last time she was seen alive. Her husband, finding she did not return home, went to seek her, and, supposing that some accident must be the cause, he requested several of his neighbors to go with him. The search lasted two days, until, at last, her body was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, partly covered with plants, and on her head her wedding-wreath of rosemary, now all crushed and withered. Lying near her was the body of a man, who held the muzzle of a gun in his left hand, and in his right the end of a string, the other end being fastened to the trigger: he had been shot through the heart.

Though greatly changed by time, and more, probably, by mental anxiety, Dreihahn, who had never seen Hans since his wedding-day, had no difficulty in recognizing in the dead man, as he lay before him, weltering in his blood, his wife's young lover.

Dr. Chalmers's eldest brother James was a very excellent person, but of a morose and eccentric temper. Among his crotchets, one was that Scotchmen in London were the greatest bores in life, always coming about one, and speaking about Scotland, and expecting what they called hospitality. When the Doctor was in London, in 1817, and the commotion about his preaching was naturally greatest among his own countrymen, this was all the more reason with James for keeping clear of the concern. Rather than be plunged into the Scottish element, he kept by himself the whole time, and never once went to hear his brother preach. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-house.

"Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, wholly ignorant of the relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?"

"Yes," said James, somewhat dryly, "I have heard him."

"And what did you think of him?"

"Very little indeed," was the reply.

"Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer; "*when* did you hear him?"

"About half an hour after he was born."

It is a remarkable fact that persons losing themselves in the forest, or in a snow-storm, manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent even of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found probably in the fact that the limbs and muscles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Shoemakers say that, as a general thing, the right foot is somewhat larger than the left, and that the right boot wears out first. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and in the absence of any guiding-line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian insensibly round on the left. It may also be remarked that in the ancient religious ceremonies of every country circular or choric dances were a prevalent custom.

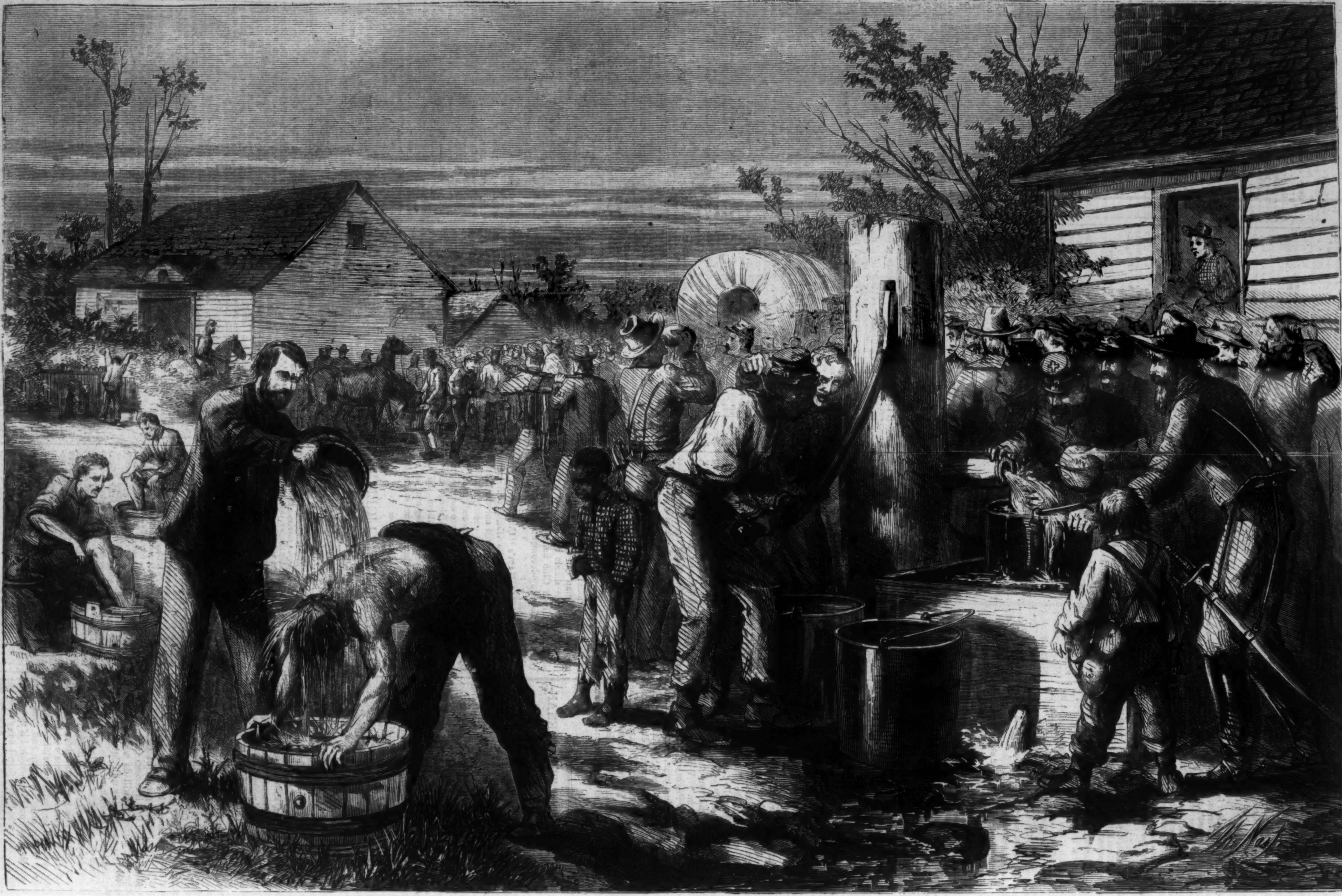
The grand total of the amounts expended by Great Britain on her new iron-plated ships for the year ending March 31, 1864, was £4,744,324, which is equivalent in greenbacks to about fifty millions of dollars. This expense, incurred by England in a time of peace, is more than double the sum which our Government has expended on the Monitors in time of war.

The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* says there are a couple of spinsters in Green—monomaniacs in their way—who have been trying to see how many cats could be multiplied from one pair. They began with one pair when the rebellion broke out, and as the kittens have grown and multiplied, their number now reaches to the alarming sum of 440 cats and kittens.

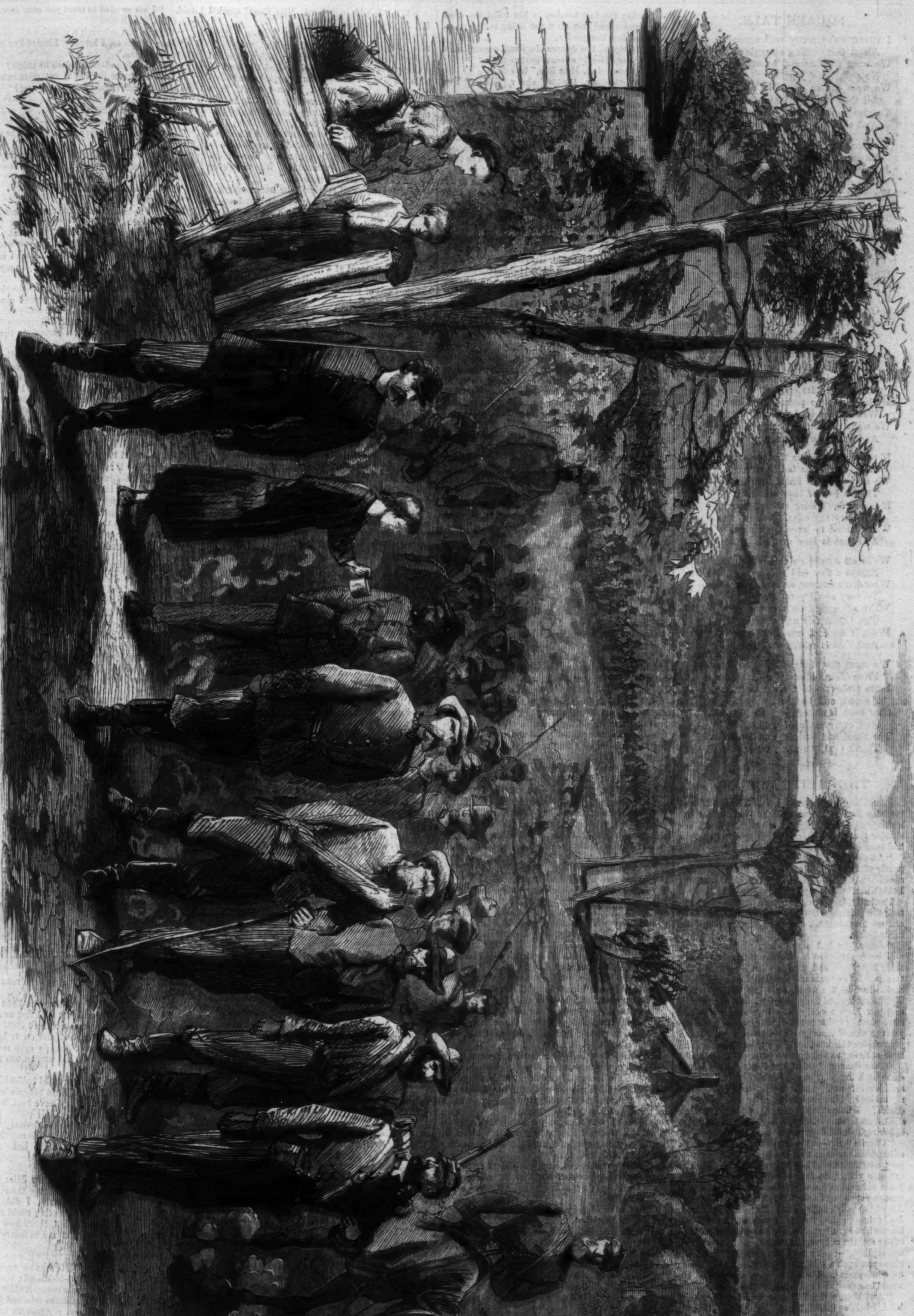
King James, once listening to a Presbyterian preacher who was inveighing furiously against him and his policy, cried out,

"For any sake, come down, man! or else speak sense."

"I tell thee, O king," was the reply, "I will not come down; neither will I speak sense."



THE HALT.—[Drawn by Thomas Nast.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S VICTORY—REBEL PRISONERS BEING CONDUCTED TO ATLANTA FROM JONESBOROUGH.—[See Page 638.]

SQUARE TALK.

I think we're pretty well agreed
About this coming struggle;
We want the fair and square thing done,
No politicians' juggle.
We want a man who'll be all thar—
All thar with heart and hand,
To give us back the Union;
And that is where we stand.

We want the best that's made, we do,
Expense 's of no account;
Just let us have the proper thing,
And draw for the amount.
We want the Union back again,
Each inch of lake and land;
The old concern, and nothing less;
And that is where we stand.

We want the right—the rightest man—
We do not care a fig
Whether he's a Black Republican,
Blue Democrat, or Whig:
He may be purple Carmelite,
Or yellow Amprazand;
We want the Union back again,
And that is where we stand.

A good square peace ain't bad to take,
And war is rather rough;
Of one we ain't had much of late,
Of t'other quite enough.
If Union can be peaced, you know,
Well! peace it right away;
We want the Union back again,
And that is what we say.

If peace don't prove the proper game,
Well, then, just holler out;
We only want to know, you know—
There's lots of boys about.
If honey don't stick strong enough,
We'll try the effex of steel.
We're bound to have the Union,
And that is how we feel.

We're all agreed on this one point,
Except a few odd traitors,
Who don't amount at best, you know,
To very small potaters.
We're all agreed on this one point,
The Union fair and square.
Peace if we can, war if we must,
And that is where we aire.

We want the brave old flag to wave
From Texas up to Maine,
From Delaware to Golden Gate,
Around, and back again;
Over each blade of grass that grows,
And every grain of sand.
The Stars and Stripes, and Union,
Thank God, for these we stand!

THE LITTLE DOCTOR.

Jessie Rue was twenty-three. The sun of that birthday had just risen, and she stood before her looking-glass, fastening in her ears and about her slender throat and dainty wrists the pearls which had been her uncle's gift the night before.

"An old maid?" muttered Jessie, between those pearls of teeth which rivaled the gems about her neck. "An old maid? I think not, Uncle Walter; I think not." And again she laughed, gleefully.

Presently, however, she grew a little graver; she took the pearls off, dropped them into their casket, and sat down to think over her uncle's words of the night before.

"Jessie," he had said to her, "to-morrow you will be twenty-three. You are young and pretty still; but youth and woman's beauty are fleeting things. A few years and you'll find yourself an old maid alone in the world, for I can not live long. My threescore and ten years are upon me even now, and you have no other relatives on earth. You have plenty of suitors, child; and I wish I could see you the wife of some good man before I die. Make your choice this year, and give your old uncle some hope of living to bless you on your wedding-day."

"Poor dear uncle!" sighed Jessie, as the words came back to her memory. "He is worth a thousand lovers to me. I enjoy my freedom yet. Make my choice? He may be right after all. Make my choice? Whom should I choose, I wonder?" Then she began to count dreamily, touching the rosy tips of her right-hand fingers to those of her left.

"Charlie Wier—but he is a mere coxcomb, though as handsome as man well can be; Edward Burr—a poet, a musician, and intensely selfish; Vivian Garnet—too young, no man should be less than five years older than his wife; Colonel Grey—too old, though yet so fascinating, his daughter is my age; Alfred Earle—passable; young Moreland—he adores me, I know; Mr. Ashley Honeywell—I haven't known him long, but certainly he surpasses any one of our set, the richest, the most elegant, every way accomplished—such a fine Roman profile, such dark-blue eyes, such a soldierly bearing. And I believe he admires me. I wish I were sure of it. He would be a conquest worth the trouble. Heigh-ho!

"And there's the little Doctor; bless his bald head, I believe he thinks me perfection. How his color rises and his breath comes fast and short when I speak to him. A smile makes him happy; if I am distant he grows mournful.

She had absolutely drawn a pretty note-book from her bureau drawer as she spoke and had made a list: Charlie Wier, Edward Burr, Vivian Garnet, Colonel Grey, Alfred Earle, Guy Moreland, Ashley Honeywell, and Dr. Oliver.

"One of these I must choose ere the year is out," she said; "and don't flatter yourself that it will be you, Dr. Oliver."

Putting the last touches to her toilet she went down stairs, and breakfast not being ready, sauntered out into the garden.

There among the flowers she found a gentleman looking very closely at some geraniums.

"Good-morning, Miss Rue," he said.

"Good-morning, Doctor," she replied. "You are out early."

"I came hoping to see you. I have a favor to ask, Miss Rue."

"A favor?"

"Yes. You know my little bachelor dwelling boasts no garden, will you let me pick a bouquet here every morning at this hour? I should be very much obliged."

"Certainly, Doctor. Will you have one now? You might have helped yourself and welcome; lend me your knife." And the white hands were busy amidst red roses, violets, and golden crocus. The bouquet arranged she bound it deftly with soft green grass, and handed it to the Doctor with a smile which she knew would make his heart beat.

"Thank you," he said. "You are very, very kind;" and the bright eyes danced behind the glasses. He walked beside her now in the garden-path—an upright, rather fine, broad-shouldered figure; but not tall, with a good, kind face, and a prematurely bald crown, about which the black curls clustered like a priest's tonsure, quietly listening while she chatted. In half an hour he said good-by at the garden gate, and she went in laughing.

"A transparent ruse," she said. He wants to see me often—oh, Dr. Oliver, Dr. Oliver; and Jessie Rue's cheeks were rosy as she sat down at the breakfast-table with her old uncle and chatted of the party to be at the Eastwoods that night, and where she expected to meet Ashley Honeywell.

Ashley was at the party. Dr. Oliver was there also—in a corner, talking politics with the old grandfather; but not until after supper did he find an opportunity to approach Jessie. She saw him making his way through a sea of crinoline—now and then treading on a flounce or a toe—and anticipating the appropriation of a chair vacated for a moment by Mr. Honeywell, was not gracious. He did not take it, but leaned over her chair.

"Miss Rue," he said, "may I have the pleasure of escorting you home to-night?" His voice had a pleading tone in it.

And Jessie heard it, but she answered,

"Thank you, Doctor, but I'm engaged;" and told a white lie when she made the statement, for she only guessed that Ashley Honeywell would ask to see her home. Yet her heart smote her when she heard the smothered sigh that lifted the little Doctor's broad chest, and saw him in the distance a few moments afterward looking at her.

"At least I'll speak to him kindly," she said, but he gave her no opportunity; for ten minutes after he had slipped away, and was making his homeward way by a short cut across the commons.

Ashley Honeywell did what she expected that night. He went home with her, and said things that had a flavor of sentiment in them. In a delicious sort of fever she dropped to sleep after peeping through closed shutters to watch him out of sight along the moonlit road; but, strange to say, she dreamed all night of Dr. Oliver. Over and over again she said cruel things, and he turned away from her with that sigh—such a heart-felt one.

In the morning she was up betimes, and, brushing her bright hair as she stood in her scarlet wrapper before the glass, heard some one whistling in the garden. At that she peeped through the curtains, and saw Doctor Oliver plucking his bouquet. She called down to him,

"Good-morning!"

He answered her with a bow and smile.

"You shall have one of these geraniums on my window-sill if you will," she said; "my own pet flowers." And she picked one and threw it down.

Dr. Oliver caught, kissed, and put it in his button-hole. This homage from the man lowest on her list pleased the coquette; and as she saw him take his departure, with many backward glances at her window, she murmured,

"You *do* love me. I believe were you as handsome as some one I know I could take pity on you."

The evening before a party had been planned to visit a picturesque spot not far away. They were to go on horseback—May Eastwood, her sister Rose, our heroine, young Moreland, Alfred Earle, and Ashley Honeywell.

May and Rose and their escorts came merrily riding up to the door at two o'clock. Five minutes after Ashley Honeywell was there on his coal-black horse, named Lilly by an odd caprice. Jessie was ready for them, looking well in her dark-green habit and jockey-cap with sable plumes.

An hour's ride brought the little cavalcade in sight of a rustic cottage with great trees about it, and a vegetable garden near the door, but neither flower nor vine in sight.

Under the trees, however, was a sight attractive enough to travelers on a warm spring afternoon—an old well with a "moss-covered bucket;" a picture in itself.

"I wish I had a glass of that cool well water," cried Rose Eastwood.

"Then you shall have one," replied her escort. "I'll storm the citadel, and bring you some or perish in the attempt."

And he leaped from the saddle, and marched toward the door with laughing glance over his shoulder at giggling Rose Eastwood.

Jessie and Ashley had halted with the rest, and Jessie's eyes had spied out something curious. A china mug on the low window of what seemed to be the parlor, in which was a bouquet—roses, violets, and golden crocus, and in the midst one scarlet flower which she fancied grew only in her garden.

"That looks like my bouquet," she thought; "the very one I gave to Dr. Oliver." Just then a little white, frail woman's hand stole beneath the curtain, touched the blossoms caressingly, and stole in again.

"Odd," said Jessie, aloud, involuntarily.

"What is odd, may I ask, Miss Rue?" queried Mr. Ashley Honeywell.

"That little cottage—the well, I mean," stammered Jessie, and she blushed scarlet.

Just then Alfred Earle came out with a glass and a pitcher; walked to the well; filled the bucket, then the pitcher; came toward the party, and offered each a sparkling draught. No one refused. Then the young gentleman returned the drinking vessels to some one within the cottage, and remounted.

"That's an enchanted castle," he said, as they rode away. "Within, I saw an old witch keeping guard over the prettiest enchanted princess—a beauty, as I'm a sinner. I know her name also—Wendeline. The old witch uttered it. Was there ever such a fancy name? Wendeline."

Ashley Honeywell muttered the name over and gave a start. Lilly reared and started, and would have thrown him had he not been a splendid horseman; and Jessie saw his cheek first pale and then flush. No one else observed the change.

"Lilly is impatient," he said. "Shall we ride faster?"

Away they went at a gallop, Moreland's jealous eyes following them. But Jessie was thinking of the start and of the flowers in the cottage window. By-and-by she said,

"Do you think that name pretty? Wendeline, I mean. It is odd."

"Too odd for my taste," said Ashley. "I never knew but one of that name in my life. The simplest names suit me best—Rose, or Kate, or Jessie."

All the way to the spot they had chosen, back again home, they kept close together.

Jessie should have been happy, yet a strange uneasiness was on her soul; and she was so curious about those flowers, and that little white hand, that she could not sleep that night. Consequently she awoke long after the sun was high and the Doctor had been for his bouquet, for she found a glove of his among the rows of roses. And after breakfast she walked out, straying farther and farther until the little cottage was in sight. There it stood in the window, the bouquet in the china mug, and a fresh one, all roses, lying on the sill.

Jessie approached. She could have sworn those were her roses.

From within at this moment a voice came sweetly, "Nursey, please get me some more water. I would not have these darling roses wither."

And the cottage door opened, and out came an old mulatto woman with a blue kerchief covering her head and a white pitcher in her hand.

Jessie walked up to the door and tapped.

"I have been walking a long way," she said, "and am tired. May I sit down to rest myself?"

"Oh do come in!" said the sweet voice she had heard. "There's the settle, that's the easiest;" and a young girl with her apron full of flowers arose to greet her.

Jessie sat down. The cottage-floor was bare, and there were three pine chairs, a table, and the cushioned lounge, for furniture. Nothing else, save a few shelves with dishes on them, and one or two books.

She looked at the girl. Nothing so lovely had she ever seen before; but the hectic of consumption was on the cheek, and the eyes were too bright, and the brow too pearly. Jessie did not think of this, she only saw the beauty.

"There are pleasant walks about here, I think," said the girl. "When I am better I shall try to find the prettiest. I love the woods so. But I've been too ill to leave the house."

"That is hard," said Jessie.

"Very hard," said the girl. "Ah, Jane, now fill that glass."

The mulatto woman had re-entered, she poured the silvery water, and for a few moments the girl's whole soul was in her flowers.

They were arranged, and she held them with childlike simplicity toward Jessie, saying, "Are they not lovely?"

"Beautiful," replied Jessie. "Are they from your own garden?"

"Oh no," replied the girl; "Jane has only some cabbages and radishes there. A dear friend brings me these every day."

"A dear friend—"

"The best I have in the world."

She said no more. Jessie sat still a little while, chatted, not as gayly as usual though, and went home musing. Though, as she said, what was it to her if her suspicions were correct?

Every morning the bouquet was plucked; and Jessie and the Doctor walked together in the garden for a few moments. But since the night of the party there had been a change in his manner. It was as though he had resolved on no more lover-like demonstrations.

Ashley Honeywell, the handsome and aristocratic, bowed at her shrine, and every girl who knew her envied her. Jessie Rue should have been content, but she was not. Once indeed, when the Doctor had gone away with his flowers in his hand, not once looking back, she found herself standing amidst the roses with tears in her eyes and a pang of mortification at her heart. Awakening to the consciousness of this she stamped her small foot angrily.

"Why should I feel hurt that he cares nothing for me now?" she said. "Let him admire that girl at the cottage if he will. It is nothing to me."

When next she went to the little cottage she found the shutters closed, and the old woman opened the door very softly.

"Good-morning, Miss," she said. "My young lady will be glad to see you. She's been very low—dying, I thought. Mebbe she will die yet." And tears came into the old creature's eyes.

Jessie's thoughts flew to the Doctor. He must have suffered much in the fear of losing his betrothed. For Jessie had resolved upon this state of things. She went into the little bedroom, and there, with the little hands, thinner than ever, folded on the white counterpane, lay Wendeline. She looked at Jessie with a smile, and put up her lips to kiss her.

"I thought I should never see you again," she said. "I am so glad to meet you once more. Do you think I shall die?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Jane thinks so, I know. I heard her praying God to spare me."

"And your friend—what does he think?"

"I do not know. Does it not seem strange to you that any one should not mind dying?"

"Oh yes."

"I do not, Miss Jessie."

"You—so lovely, so young, so—"

Beloved was on Jessie's tongue, but she did not utter it.

"I am young—at least I am not twenty yet—but life is not a happy thing to me. You do not know what trouble I have had."

"You have lost your parents?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

The girl shuddered all over and hid her face in both her hands.

"I have been very wicked," she said. "Oh, Miss Jessie, if you knew all, perhaps you would not be here! But I think I am dying, and I beg you to come again. Next time I will tell you my story. You are religious, are you not?"

"Not as I should be; but I belong to the church."

"Then you can tell me more than I can think for myself. I can not believe God will pardon me; yet they say He is very merciful to sinners."

Jessie put back the golden curls from the white forehead.

"You can not be very wicked, Wendeline," she said. "You are too pretty—too much like a child."

"Pretty!" The girl shuddered all over as she repeated the word. "Oh, Miss Jessie, I wish I had been born with an ugly face. I'd rather have been black, like dear old Jane. It has been a curse to me to be as pretty as I know I am."

Soothing her, half-fancying her delirious, Jessie sat beside the girl for hours. When they parted she had promised to return in a few days.

The next day it rained, and the next, then came riding parties, fishing parties, boating parties—a week passed. At last came Jessie's birthday, and a regular evening party.

Laughter and mirth and music filled the house.

The Doctor was there; but in the early part of the evening a boy came running to say that Squire Walker of the Bend had fallen down in a fit, and he left them.

The silver tongue of the time-piece on the mantle had counted ten when Jessie left the crowded parlors and stepped out upon the porch. She was not in a merry mood, and longed to be alone for a few moments. As she stood there she saw in the moonlight a strange crooked form half-running, half-hobbling toward the house. It entered the garden gate, and came toward her, and while she was wondering whether it were witch or brownie it flung back an old black hood, and revealed the face of the mulatto Jane.

"Oh, Miss!" she cried, "can you tell me where Dr. Oliver is? They told me he was over here—I— Oh, you're the young lady Miss Wendeline thinks so much of; she's dying, Miss, I'm afraid, and there's only a child of ten with her. Oh, call the Doctor, please, Miss?"

"Dr. Oliver is not here," said Jessie. "He has been, but he has gone. Do you know Squire Walker's place?"

"Oh yes, Miss."

"You'll find him there, and I will go to Wendeline."

"God bless you, Miss!"

"Take the path over the fields," said Jessie; and, waiting neither for bonnet nor shawl, she ran around the house until she came to the stable-yard. There sat John, the man-servant, in his shirt sleeves, passing his hours in chewing straw.

"John," she cried, "harness Black Bess to the gig immediately! I want you to drive me to the cross roads!"

"Yes, Miss," said John.

He was a man of few words, and only asked, when the gig was ready, "Shall I get my coat, Miss? This here is my stable jacket."

"No; time is every thing just now." And in a moment they were whirling along the road at full speed.

Far in the distance Jessie saw the light in the cottage window, and her heart beat fast as she entered the little room. A rough-faced child in ragged garments sat by the bed, and on it lay poor Wendeline. The moment Jessie's eyes rested on her face she knew that the old woman was right—her hours were numbered.

"You have come," the poor girl half-whispered. "I am so thankful! Send little Maggie home: I want to talk with you. They have been here. I saw them."

"Who have been here?" asked Jessie.

"Mother and father—one sat beside me, the other stood just there at the foot of the bed. Mother smiled; but father looked so stern."

"It was a dream," said Jessie.

"No; I was awake. Oh, dear Miss Jessie! you do not know why I feared to see them. I did so wrong! I broke their hearts; I did, indeed, wicked girl that I was! If mother could not pardon me, even on her death-bed, think how I must have sinned! They wanted me to marry Cousin Oliver—"

Jessie started.

"My parents, I mean. He was very good; but so shy, and serious, and old-fashioned; besides, he did not love me; and he was so much older. I ran away one night with a gentleman who had fallen in love with me, and of whom my parents knew nothing. But he was very handsome, and said he could not live without me. We were married, and went to Europe. I wrote many a letter to mother; they never forgave me; and, at last, I heard that they were both dead, and that grief for my disobedience killed them.

"That made me low-spirited, and my husband began to care less for me. At last we were in Italy; he devoted himself to a beautiful Italian lady, and I grew jealous. I reproached him, saying that his wife deserved his respect if not his love, and he told me the awful truth: our marriage was a false one. I was a poor degraded creature. I think my heart broke then. Still, alone with him in a strange land, what could I do? So I lived with him still. Sometimes he was kind, sometimes cruel. At last he said we would return to America.

"We went on board of the ship together late at night. In the morning I found myself far upon the ocean, and alone. Ashley had gone to the shore again in a boat, while I thought him on deck. He left a note and some money.

"He was tired of me, he said, and I of him, and it was best to part.

"I was very ill after that—delirious, I believe, but it was over. Ashley Honeywell and I would never meet again."

"Ashley Honeywell?" gasped Jessie.

"Yes, that was his name. Oh, Miss Jessie, do you know him?"

"I do," said Jessie, and her cheek was whiter than that of the dying girl.

"What next?"

"We came to America, and I was alone in New York city. My money, save and scrape it as I would, lasted but a little while. Then the woman I had boarded with turned me into the streets. It was my nineteenth birthday. That night I went down to a lonely dock meaning to drown myself. As I stood there ready for the leap a hand came upon my shoulder:

"'I have been watching you ten minutes,' he said. 'My poor woman, you are mad just now. Stop; think!'

"I turned and saw the face of my Cousin Oliver. It brought back home memories and I burst into tears, and was saved from the great sin of suicide. At last he knew me.

"'Cousin Wendeline,' he cried, 'how have you come to this?'

"So I told him my sad story, and he was very kind and good. He took care of me, and a few days after brought me here to live with old Jane, who had been my nurse, and who loved me dearly. Since that he has been so kind to me I have wanted for nothing. God will bless him I am sure; I do, I will with my dying breath; but oh, what a strange thing a human heart! I can never banish my love for Ashley Honeywell, who was so cruel to me. I would not have seen him had I lived; but as you know him—oh, Miss Jessie, will you write to him and say 'Wendeline is dead,' only that perhaps he will grieve for me a little?"

"I promise," said pale Jessie.

The dying girl fell back upon her pillow, and that other girl prayed beside her, until a step upon the floor of the outer room told that the Doctor was there.

Old Jane, sobbing for her darling, knelt at the foot of the rude cot. And beside the dying bed Jessie Rue and Dr. Oliver met each other.

Wendeline seemed past speaking now.

She put one soft white hand in Dr. Oliver's, the other still in Jessie's. And the li[illegible]oped over the blue eyes.

So she lay, motionless as a statue, for many moments, then the lips moved in a whisper.

"God bless you, Cousin Oliver!" and the Doctor, hearing it, bent lower. "Jessie, remember tell Ashley Wendeline is dead." And with those words the spirit met the waiting angels.

The old woman burst into a wild moaning wail. The Doctor turned away to hide his tears, and Jessie only seemed unmoved. She walked to the window and sat down, and looking out upon the cold moonlit road thought of the story she had heard, of the broken heart and of its cruel idol.

In a little while the Doctor came to her. She had sent John home with the carriage to explain her absence.

"Shall I see you home?" he said. This time she answered "Yes."

Alone together, her hand upon his arm, nothing near save the chirping crickets in the hedges. By-and-by he spoke.

"She was a fair flower to die in life's summer. Do you know her story?"

"She told me all, I think. You have been very good to her."

"Only a brute could have done less."

He had taken off his hat and carried it in his hand; the moonlight shone upon the noble forehead and the bald head, circled by the tonsure of black curls. Jessie did not look upon it as she had looked once. That seemed a very handsome man who walked beside her.

His next words made her heart stand still.

"I may say good-by to-night, I think," he said. "After my poor little cousin's funeral I shall leave the place. I shall hardly return to it."

"This is a sudden determination," said Jessie; she did not know what to say. She could hardly speak at all.

"No," he answered, "I have thought of it for months. But I knew my cousin must die, and I am her only friend in the world."

"We shall miss you," said Jessie.

"No," said the Doctor; "I am not one to be much missed."

She walked on again. Suddenly he turned toward her, standing still, and clutching her arm.

"Oh, Jessie Rue," he said, in a low, passionate voice—"Jessie Rue, do you think I can stay here to see the only girl I ever loved in all my life wedded to another—one who is not worthy of her—one whom I believe to be a villain? I loved you better than any earthly thing, Jessie Rue, and I can not stay here to go mad."

His manner was so different from his usual one that it frightened Jessie. She could only clasp her hands and look at him as he went on:

"Ah, Jessie, he is handsomer than I, more pleasing, richer—above me in all outward seeming; but I have loved you as he never will, for I know his base, bad heart."

Then she found courage to speak.

"To whom do you allude?"

"To whom but to Ashley Honeywell, your betrothed husband."

"I am *not* betrothed to him."

"Thank God for that!"

"I never will be."

"Jessie!"

His face changed—he bent over her.

"Oh, Jessie, I am mad now, I think! Jessie Rue, look at me. Jessie, need I go?"

And she answered, "No, Dr. Oliver."

Then in the moonlight their lips met, and he caught her to his heart.

They were the only mourners save old Jane at the poor girl's grave. Hand in hand they stood within the church-yard when all was over, when clattering past the gate went a handsome horseman. He paused and looked at the two for a moment, and then rode on whistling. It was Ashley Honeywell, passing so near the grave of the girl whose dying thoughts were of him. That night a little note was brought to him from Jessie, and reading it, he knew that Wendeline was dead.

Jessie Rue had made her choice. At Christmas time they were married. Old Jane came from her little cottage to live with them as a servant, and Jessie was very good to her for dead Wendeline's sake. And never in all her life had she cause to repent of the day on which she married the man lowest on her list of admirers—the man whom all along she had loved best, even while ignorant of her own heart.

And Ashley Honeywell—there came a time to him, long years after, when dissipation had made him penniless, and he, a broken-hearted, friendless, wretched man, wandered bareheaded along the road, that coming to the lonely grave-yard, he lay down before a little stone with "Wendeline" upon it, and wept for the one heart which would have been true to him. And lying there, the snow began to fall, and covered him with a white shroud; so that when spring came, and the ground was moist with dew again, there were but a handful of bones to bury by pure chance at the foot of Wendeline's grave.

PUSS BURBANK'S ENEMY.

"How now, Vallance, speculating on to-morrow's chances, eh?"

Captain Dana threw himself lazily down on the grass beside his friend, and began to whistle softly.

"I should not be surprised if to-morrow's chances came to-day," said Vallance St. Cloud, thoughtfully. "I suspect the enemy are nearer than we think—not a difficult thing for him to be hiding away somewhere down there. But that was not the subject of my speculations. Did you know, Dana, I spent two years in this vicinity once. Every thing looks as natural to me as the old book I learned my letters in would. Do you see that hill yonder, the bluest crested one, lower than the others?"

Dana looked and nodded.

"I staid just at the foot of that—the other side though—two years. It was the queerest, old-fashioned, big-roomed farm-house, with the oddest little maiden presiding over it. I should like to know what became of her. She wasn't a sweet-heart, Dana, so you needn't laugh; I was only a lad then, too. My mother left me there for the air; she fancied I was consumptive, I believe. I used to be ill sometimes, I remember, and this little girl took care of me. Such a demure little puss, you know; and, by-the-way, they called her *Puss* too. It's a fashion they have in these Southern families. There's always a 'Puss' among the children, and I never heard her called any thing else but Puss Burbank."

"There's a Burbank a rebel colonel, isn't there?" interjected Dana.

"It can't be Puss's father—no, of course not. He was an old man in those days—broken with drink too; treated the child shamefully sometimes, and petted her ridiculously at others. I'd give a month's pay to see the little thing again, if he hasn't killed her in one of his drunken rages. Why she couldn't have been—well—not more than eight, I should think, and she used to take care of me like a regular grandmother. She liked me wonderfully; clung to me as though she would never let me go the morning I left; and when I finally had to start, I left her in a kind of swoon. Children have such fancies occasionally, you know. I promised to go back and see her sometime, but I never went."

"She's probably dead or married before this time," said Dana.

"Possibly," St. Cloud said, with a half sigh; "but it seems to me as though I could find her right there in the old house yet, poor patient little Puss! I don't know why I never went to see her: I always meant to. There, Dana! didn't I tell you?" as a shell suddenly came screaming toward the lines from the plain below. It fell short though, and the two young men sprang up the bank, the long roll sounded, men flew to arms: it was a battle.

Puss, she wasn't dead or married, or gone away from the very roof that young St. Cloud had lain ill under years before. I dare say she had grown some, but she was a little thing yet; and if she had looked womanly when she was a child, she looked strangely childlike now she was a woman. There is an expression of countenance natural to some women that is always childlike; and, curiously enough, it so often accompanies as to almost mean patience and meekness under great calamity.

A little earlier than St. Cloud and Dana were talking of her Puss sat in the low doorway of the farm-house sewing. Short, low dropping curls clustered against her faintly-crimsoned cheek, and deep outcurling lashes fringed the blue-veined eyelids. As she now and then cast expectant yet shrinking glances down the path, her eyes had the serious brightness of a startled child. Puss wasn't thinking of the impending battle. Living in a very secluded and by-place, she caught only vague rumors of it. She thought of the war sometimes; often perhaps: but she was full of her own troubles, poor Puss! and the conflict off yonder had not yet deadened with its roar the clamor of this other—a vital one, too, in her own home. Her home: a plain and bare enough one, but owing what comfort it had to her little hands, that never ceased trying to brighten it—never wearied of caring for the old man, whose sole housekeeper she had been since her mother died, more than ten years now. She was older than St. Cloud thought.

He had called Burbank broken with drink when he knew him; but there had been vitality enough left in him to drag through these years since, getting more broken and worse with drink, and leading Puss such a life as is not easily described.

She never murmured though, and when her mother's relatives would have removed her from his control, she always said, in her little quiet, unanswerable way, "I promised mother, you know, and he's all I've got besides," and staid.

Burbank was afraid of her leaving him; and after one of these scenes used to hang about her in a pitiful kind of gratitude, that, half maudlin as it was, used to make her heart overflow with loving tenderness toward him.

She should never be sorry, that she should not, for staying with her old father. She'd get her reward some of these days; and one night he told her what it was to be.

There was a bold, bad, coarse man with whom Burbank had of late formed a drunken intimacy. That he led her father into even deeper excesses than he would seek himself Puss was very sure, and aside from his natural repulsiveness, that made him hateful to her. She shuddered at his very presence, but endured till her father commanded her to receive him as her future husband. This she utterly refused to do; but, emboldened by the old man's encouragement, and the girl's helplessness, the ruffian continued to persecute her with his loathsome suit. Poor Puss! Her mother's friends had gone away from that part of the country; she and her father lived very isolated lives, and she had nobody but God and herself to look to for protection from this danger—this outrage, which Burbank in his drunken dotage was capable of perpetrating.

Suddenly, as she sat sewing, she heard the approaching voices of her father and this man, who was always with him now, and shrank within the house. The two sat down to the meal that waited them, and Puss, after waiting upon them, retreated to the window and resumed her sewing, betraying no consciousness of having heard Mallory's coarse flattery. While they were eating the first sullen boom, boom of the attacking cannon sounded, and the two men started up.

"That means business, and sooner'n I reckoned on," said Mallory, and while Burbank lingered in the doorway he went and stood near Puss.

She drew back from his too near vicinity, not speaking, however.

"See yer now, my girl," said he, "I was goin' to fix this-yer matter of ours shore to-day, ef it hadn't a been for this fight comin' on. I'm goin' to hev a hand in that now, but when I come back I sha'n't stand no more triflin'."

Puss only shrank a little till he touched her round white chin familiarly with his hand, adding some meant-to-be conciliatory words.

She rose trembling then, calling "Father!" in an agony.

Burbank did not hear. He was already nodding in the doorway; and with a brutal chuckle the ruffian bent toward her again.

Quick as a flash Puss struck him with her little hand one, two, three, sharp, stinging blows across the eyes; and as he recoiled involuntarily, blinded by the smart, she leaped through the door, like some scared animal, and bounded up the hill-side with such frantically swift feet that the fellow, after the first rush, gave up the chase.

Puss never paused till she stood at the top of the hill which commanded the far-away battle-field, whose din by this time was shaking the very earth. In a fascination that swallowed every other feeling she stood watching the lurid flash and rolling smoke clouds, nor turned away till she saw by the flying squadrons that Northern bayonets had won the day. Then she crept fearful and stealthily back to the house.

But no one was there, nor seemed to have been all day. Her sewing lay just as she had dropped it, and the door was wide. No one came near the house all night, though she sat and watched; not even her old father; and in the morning she went out, white and scared, to look for him.

Not stopping, as on similar occasions before, to look for him, asleep perhaps among the fastnesses of the hills, she went straight on, running sometimes, to yesterday's battle-field.

A little way out upon the plain, past sights that left her lips bloodless, though here had not been the heat of the fight, some one called her name. It was a young officer who lay near, half crushed under the body of his horse.

With a strangely throbbing heart the girl approached him.

He had recognized her, and not much wonder, she had changed so little; but it was somewhat singular that she knew him through the blood and dust, and after the years since she had seen him. Some women hold some faces in their hearts forever though, and defy time or aught to put the memory past recognition.

"Oh Vally!" she said, clasping her hands. It was what she used to call him.

He smiled faintly. "I'm not much hurt, if only some one would lift this carcass off me. I've got something in my shoulder that won't let me help myself."

Tears blinding her, Puss tried with her own little hands, but of course in vain.

An ambulance came up soon, however, and released St. Cloud from that incubus. As they lifted him in he held his well hand toward her. "Come and see me, Puss, won't you?"

With a gasping sob the girl turned toward the officer in charge.

"Where are you going to take them?" she asked. "Is it far?"

"About three miles."

Puss glanced at the ambulance, containing now as many of the poor wounded fellows as it could accommodate, and the thought of the long way before they could be at rest almost stifled her utterance.

"I live up there," she said, eagerly, "not near a mile. I'll take care of them all, if you'll let me, and as many more as you choose to bring."

The officer hesitated, glancing at the young pale face; perhaps some red-tape scruple vexed him; but if so, he risked it, ordering the ambulance in the direction indicated.

"In going over the field have you seen an old, quite an old man?" Puss asked, in a low and stricken voice, as they were moving off.

The officer understood her. "Poor child! yes," he said, gently. "He lies over there, just beyond that rise of ground." And as Puss, catching her breath, turned away, he spoke in a low voice to two of the men, who followed her.

The poor old man was dead.

A little whiter faced, but quiet, Puss followed dreamily after the men as they lifted and bore the body between them.

The day's happening was not yet done. Taking a little different route than that by which she had come, they found a man frightfully torn with wounds, and howling in agony. Puss knew him—it was Mallory—and stopped.

The ambulance had gone on. When the man saw her he entreated piteously that she would call it back; that she would bring him water; that she would not leave him there to die alone.

Fear and shuddering lost in pity, Puss promised to stay by him in his mad terror and agony till other help came. She brought him water, and knelt beside him, holding it to his lips.

Her enemy! Words can not tell how she had feared him; but he could not hurt her now; and with her hand upon him, pitiful and forgiving, he died there.

Puss made a capital nurse. Her patients thrived as no others did.

Vallance suspected from stray gleanings something of what her life had been all those years; but she never liked to talk of it, and he never knew that it was her enemy whose dying moments Puss had soothed that day. She kept that memory, so connected with her dead father, to herself. Nobody should blame him for that. But something of her long pain broke into her voice when one day after Vallance was almost well, and had been talking in low, cheek-flushing words to her, she crept into his arms, crying,

"I wanted you so long, Vally—I wanted you so!"

"I know it, my darling! God forgive me for not coming sooner! But now I want *somebody*. Can I have her?"

He knew, but he liked to hear her tender, timid whisper, "Yes."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT!

I.

DISENCHANTED.

AH! you may blush, my sweet Anne,
  Cast your eyelids bashfully down!
Do you think it matters to *me* any more
  Whether you smile or you frown?

Knowing that which I know,
  Can you wonder if I doubt
The inference to be drawn from a smile,
  That is next of kin to a pout?

Pshaw! Am I yet a boy,
  To be caught by a pretty face?
To see "threads of gold" in a flaxen curl?
  Take a "Missy" girl for a Grace?

I am disenchanted now;
  You may drop the mask, if you will:
Or, stay—there are *other* fools in the world
  To be caught, if you wear it still!

Men were made for your sport,
  Else what use to be fair?
"'Tis only flats who can fall in love:"
  Take care, my lady, take care!

Your heart may be found at home
  When "the right man" knocks at the gate;
You may get paid back in your spurious coin—
  'Tis one of the tricks of Fate.

That a girl who can "think it *fun*"
  With a score to play loose and fast,
Sets the net too often in sight of the bird,
  And gets trapped herself at last!

II.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

You call me "a heartless jilt"—
  "A pitiless, vain coquette!"
But there is another and truer way
  Of looking at it yet!

Say that I trifled a while:—
  Do you, in your vain conceit,
Think every girl who jests with a man
  Is to throw herself at his feet?

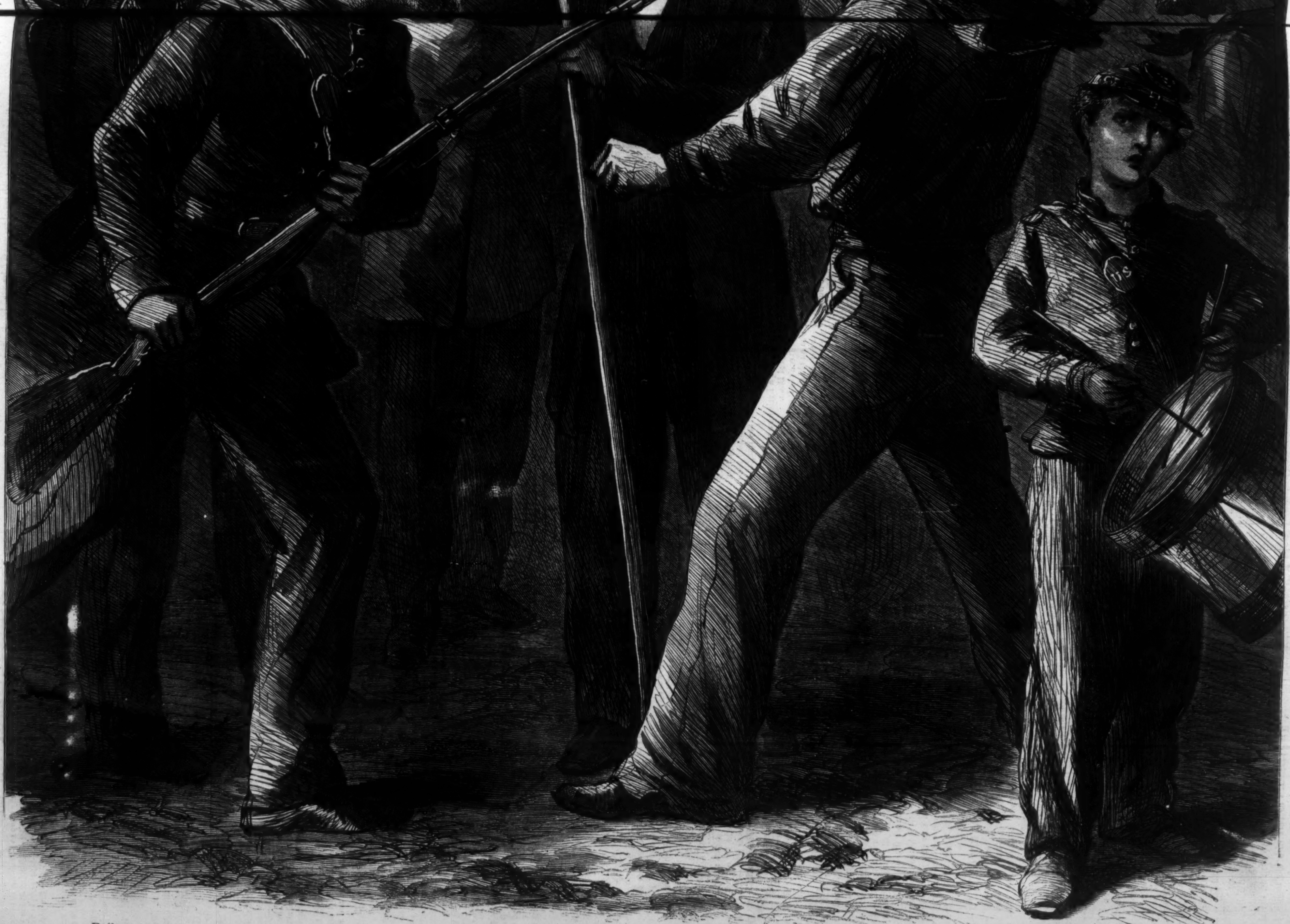
Well—we were both in fault—
  I, that I drew you on,
For the foolish whim of an idle hour,
  To mock and to smile upon;

You, that your folly mistook
  A "will-o'-the-wisp" for a star;
See, if a woman but lift her eyes,
  How vain all these young men are!

What! would you have me say
  The little words "I love?"
Would you have me utter a Yea for a Nay,
  Then throw you off like a glove?

Better to break at once
  The chain that your folly made,
Than to linger on in sight of the sun,
  Then find yourself in the shade.

Let us part with our foolish dream,
  Since we can not lovers be;
Go you your way, as a true man should,
  And never look back on me!

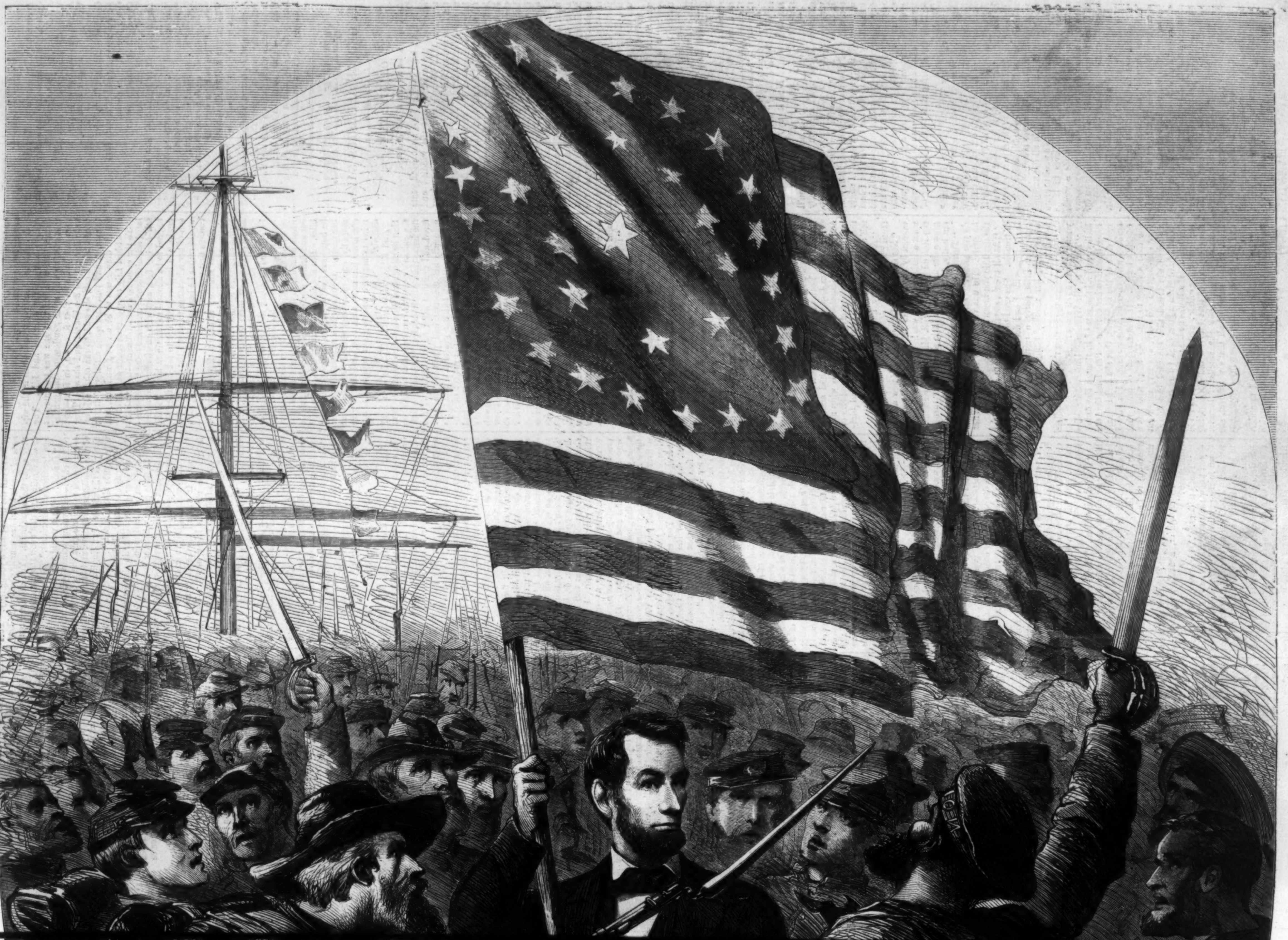


Rally round the Flag, boys!
 Rally once again;
There are traitors in the camp, boys,
 And pirates on the main:
There are rebels in the front, boys,
 And foes across the sea,
Who hate the proud republican
 And scoff at you and me.

Rally round the Flag, boys!
 Rally in your might;
Let the nations see how freemen
 Can battle for the right;
Make the throbbing mountains echo
 With the thunder of your tread;
With music sweet of martial feet
 Salute our gallant dead.

Rally round the Flag, boys!
 Rally with a cheer;
For all you love and cherish most,
 For all that hold you dear,
Defend the brave old banner,
 Unsullied from the earth--
Within its folds enshrined it holds
 All that this life is worth.

Then rally round the Flag, boys!
 Rally, rally still!
Rally from the valley,
 And rally from the hill;
Rally from the ship, boys,
 And rally from the plow;
Now or never is the word--
 Never! failing now.



REMINISCENT.

A COTTAGE white, near a winding stream,
Quite hidden by trees from the sunlight's gleam;
A field near by, on a sloping hill,
Where the violet grew, and the daffodil;
A little girl and boy at play,
Whiling the summer hours away.

One had darksome auburn hair;
Both were young and both were fair;
One a boy not quite eleven,
One a girl of summers seven;
There upon the grassy lawn
They'd play till twilight's hour from dawn.

Months passed by, and soon came years,
Fraught to many hearts with tears;
The girl to maidenhood had grown;
The boy claimed man's estate his own;
Both had lived to learn that life
With care as well as joy is rife.

. . . .

A cottage white, near a winding stream—
Yet not the same as in youth's bright dream—
Is the home where dwells a man and wife,
With not a cloud to bedim their life;
And by their side, with a curly head,
A baby sleeps in a trundle-bed.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AGAIN THE SULTAN.

IT must have been at least a thousand years ago that the countess was the ruddled and drunken Wild Woman who used to go about the fairs and exhibit herself to the bumpkins at so many liards a head. She had always been a lady of fashion—of the very highest fashion. Of course. Yet for all that, when the visitors had taken their departure, she sent out Mr. Kafooze's humpbacked niece for a little brandy, the which that meek young person, who was half servitor and half governess, brought in from the adjacent public house, with a corner of her ink-stained apron thrown over the bottle.

It may here be not inappropriately remarked that, as Mr. M'Variety was following in the wake of his illustrious visitors, he met little Mr. Kafooze in the passage, and that, in the most affable manner, he immediately smote the schoolmaster on the shoulder, and inflicted a playful dig beneath one of his ribs. "What the dickens brings you here, my moon-raker?" was the inquiry of the manager of Ranelagh.

"Why, I live here, Mr. M'Variety," the little man replied, rubbing his hands together with somewhat of an uneasy expression of countenance.

"Live here! Why, I thought you didn't live any where, unless it was in the moon."

"There's my name on the door-plate, Mr. M'Variety. I keep a school. I keep a little school to eke out a livelihood. Times are very hard, and I don't get much of a salary at the Gardens, as you know, Sir, although I've been there these five-and-twenty years."

"These five hundred years, you mean. And so you keep a school? What a rum 'un you are, to be sure! Find it pay? Eh! my noble star-gazer?"

"Pretty well, Mr. M'Variety; only you'll oblige me if you won't mention it. It's really very important that you shouldn't mention it. It might do me harm with the parents. You see, Sir, that this is a very pious neighborhood, and party-feeling runs dreadfully high. I might lose all my pupils if it were known that I had any engagement—you understand—that I had any thing to do with the Gardens. Parents are so very prejudiced, you know; and people who grumble at having to pay half a guinea a quarter make as much fuss about it as if they were sending their young ones to the University of Oxford."

"All right, my Trojan. By-by, Kafooze." And Mr. M'Variety walked away. "Queer little customer that," he mused; "who'd ever have thought of his keeping a school, and teaching the young idea how to shoot? I wonder if he tells the young 'uns any thing about the stars. He's a good deal more than three parts cracked is Kafooze; but he's well up to his business, and is as worthy a little soul as ever breathed. Curious, now, that man believes in all the humbug he's paid five-and-twenty shillings a week to cram down people's throats. He believes in it as strongly as if he got twenty pounds a week. He's not a bad sort, and is worth every penny of his sal to me. Egad! I'll put him down for a snuff-box some of these fine days."

It was one of the most amiable traits in Mr. M'Variety's character to be continually presenting snuff-boxes to the persons in his employ. There was scarcely a carpenter, a scene-painter, a property-man, a lamplighter, or a fiddler in his service, who had not been at some period or another gratified with one of these tokens of the manager's esteem and confidence. Mr. M'Variety purchased them cheap at the pawnbroker's; and with the old inscriptions burnished out (for it frequently happened that they had done service previously as gifts to deserving employés) they looked quite beautiful. Indeed, it was rumored that, in this manner, the manager had often to buy his own testimonials back again. Times had never been so hard with Mr. M'Variety as to render it impossible for him to dispense at least two sets of these snuff-boxes in the course of a season. Once, when business was dreadfully bad, he had been forced to come down to tortoise-shell; but the pull up of a good benefit was speedily the means of the precious metal asserting its accustomed sway.

A remarkable interview took place in the afternoon between the countess and Lily. The former had told her that she was to dine out that evening with some gentlemen—the gentlemen she had seen that forenoon, in fact—and bade her get on her bonnet and shawl. They would take a cab, she said, to the other side of the water, and purchase some articles of dress; for the dinner was to be a very grand one, and she wished Lily to appear as smart as possible.

To the countess's astonishment—to her simulated astonishment, perchance—the girl cast herself at her feet, and with passionate entreaties begged to be allowed to remain at home. And, again, she implored her not to ask her the reason of her reluctance to attend the dinner. She would rather be beaten, locked up, starved, than confess that reason.

She was sincere; although, Heaven knows, she was interceding in her own despite, and uttering entreaties against herself. She had seen Edgar. She saw him: handsome, happy, and splendid. She would have given the world to be allowed to speak to him, to look him full in the eyes, to touch his kid-gloved hand. To sit by his side at dinner, to be in his company a whole evening, to listen to his voice, to see him eat and drink, would have been to her ineffable bliss. But she dared not confront it. It would be happiness leading only to her destruction and her death. If she saw him again she must once more fly, once more bury herself. She felt that she loved him more than ever, and that to give reins to her love was to court ruin and invite despair.

And Edgar Greyfaunt! Had he seen her? Had he recognized her when she swooned? Yes; the sultan's eyes had condescended to light on the horse-rider's little drudge. He had felt flattered and gratified when he was aware of the influence his presence had produced on her. He was gratified, but not grateful. The girl's fainting away was naturally the subject of conversation among the Pilgrims when they had left the house. Sir William Long was driving Greyfaunt in his cabriolet to town; and the sultan did not long delay in hinting that he knew something of the "little party" who had been so suddenly the means of breaking up the interview with the countess.

"I think I've made something like an impression in that quarter," he remarked, with an infinite fatuity of complacency.

Sir William Long repressed his first impulse, which I am afraid was to lift up the cab apron and fling Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt over one of the big wheels upon the freshly macadamized pavement of the Westminster Road.

"Indeed," he rejoined, biting his lip. "I was not aware that you had ever seen Madame Ernestine's daughter before."

"Madame Anybody's daughter," the young man went on, carelessly. "She must be a kind of foundling, I fancy. The little party and I are old friends."

"Old friends?"

"Yes. My aunt, Madame de Kergolay, picked her up from some snuffy old priest in Paris, whose niece she was said to be. You understand. A priest's niece! Queer kind of relationship that. The aunt never turns up, somehow. Stop, I think the little party was at some school where they ill-treated her. Well, *my* aunt, who was always picking up waifs and strays of some sort—it didn't much matter whether they were puppies, or cats, or children, or china monsters—took a great fancy to this little Lily. Yes; that was her name."

Sir William Long winced. He had another and stronger impulse: to shorten his whip and lay the lash handsomely about the shoulders of the Sultan Greyfaunt; but he controlled himself again, and observed,

"A very pretty name, I think, Mr. Greyfaunt?"

"Not so pretty as Leopoldine. I knew a little woman by the name of Leopoldine. By Jove, what a little devil she was! She used to live in the Rue de Seine. Well, Madame de Kergolay grew quite fond of our little party. She turned out badly, however."

"Turned out badly, Mr. Greyfaunt? What do you mean?" Sir William's voice quivered as he spoke. He was very nearly saying, "What the devil do you mean?"

"At all events, she gave my aunt a great deal of trouble. She used to say that she was shockingly hypocritical and deceitful. One day she gave the little party a tremendous wigging, whereupon, her monkey being up, Miss Lily bolted."

"Do you mean to say that the poor friendless young creature ran away?"

"That's it, Sir William. Unfortunate Miss Bailey, and all the rest of it, though she didn't hang herself in her garters. I'm afraid that the real state of the case was, that she had become smitten with your humble servant. I'm sure I couldn't help it. It was no fault of mine that she took a fancy to me. My aunt, who was a very soft-hearted old lady, was very much cut up when she found that the bird had flown. Would have given a good deal, I dare say, to get her back. But it was no use; they couldn't find the least trace of her; and now she turns up in the company of that horrible old horse-riding woman. Faugh! how she smells of brandy. How, in the name of all that's wonderful, she and Lily came together, passes my comprehension."

"It is indeed wonderful; but am I to understand, Mr. Greyfaunt, that it is your intention to continue to pay your attentions to this young lady?"

"How deuced solemn and formal you are, to be sure! But you're rather out in your reckoning. In the first place, it's rather stretching a point to call the little party a young lady. Persons of gentle blood are usually chary as to how they apply that appellation. You and I are men of old family, and don't sow the names of 'lady' and 'gentleman' broadcast."

"Indeed! What would you call this unfortunate child—this young woman—then? I have every reason to believe that she is the daughter of this Madame Ernestine, and she, I know positively, is the widow of an English gentleman of very gentle blood indeed."

"You astonish me. I shouldn't have thought she had ever gone higher in the marriage line than a groom or a harlequin. However, we will call the little party whatever you please. I ordinarily speak of this description of persons as ces gens—people. As for paying attentions to her you are again slightly in error. I never paid her any. It was all on the other side of the hedge. Je me suis laissé aimer. The little party took a fancy to me, and for that you will, I hope, agree I am not to blame. I don't think I ever had ten minutes' continuous conversation with her. There is time, nevertheless, to improve the acquaintance. Ah! here we are in Whitehall. I have a call to make at the Foreign Office. Thank you for the lift. Au revoir until dinner-time."

"And it is for this senseless, brainless puppy that Lily has made herself miserable!" Sir William Long muttered, as he drove furiously away. "Confound the coxcomb, I should have liked to twist his neck!"

CHAPTER L.

THE COTTAGE.

THE proposition made by Mr. M'Variety to the countess that evening, at dinner (a repast, by-the-way, at which Lily was *not* present), was essentially satisfactory to that lady. It was of a duplex nature. First it had reference to the augmentation of Madame Ernestine's weekly stipend; and, sundry pounds and shillings being added thereto, the countess vouchsafed to express her opinion that Mr. M'Variety was "un bon enfant," and exceptionally free from the vice of stinginess, inherent, if she were to be believed, to the managerial tribe.

"You needn't give me credit for too much generosity," the candid manager observed, in return for the countess's somewhat profuse expressions of gratitude, "even when I tell you that your sal can go on, if you like, all the winter. The concern doesn't pay, nor any thing like it; and I must shut up very soon, or, by Jove, I shall be shut up myself; but that will have nothing to do with your engagement. I mean to come out with a bang next spring, so you can be practicing something stunning in the high school way between this and next Easter. Open or shut, you'll find the ghost walk every Saturday at three P.M., military time; and if ever you want a fiver on account, you'll find Billy Van Post always ready to honor your I O U. Sounds very liberal, don't it? You needn't imagine, for all that, that I'm one of the Brothers Cheeryble. The fact is, countess, that what suits your book suits my book, and that's all about it."

As he spoke, Mr. M'Variety slapped, perchance involuntarily, his waistcoat-pocket. Of course Madame Ernestine, not being a clairvoyant, could not see, through the well-shrunken tweed and glazed calico lining of that garment, a neatly-folded slip of paper of a dull gray hue, which, had it been opened, would have proved to be a check, the amount of which has nothing to do with this recital, drawn in favor of J. M'Variety, Esq., or bearer, by a person signing himself William Long. But, morally, Madame Ernestine had cut all her eye-teeth, and could see through a millstone or a plaid waistcoat as well as her neighbors; and she understood the enterprising manager perfectly well when he hinted that it was not through any spontaneous intuition of munificence, but for divers reasons well known to himself, that he proposed to prolong her engagement on terms so exceedingly favorable.

"And, while we're talking business," continued the manager, "I don't see why you should go on wasting your sweetness on the desert air in that poky little hole where I found you this morning. Old Foozlum"—it was by this irreverent name that M'Variety called the Ruler of the Planets—"is a very good sort of a card; but he's a desperate slow coach; his house ain't much bigger than a mouse-trap, and there isn't an inch of style about him."

"Who is this Monsieur Kafooze?" the countess asked, turning quickly on her interlocutor. "Quelle est cette vieille ganache qui me conte toujours des balivernes sur les étoiles? Whence comes he, this idiotic old schoolmaster, with his moons, and his stars, and his other impertinences?"

"Poor old Foozlum. There's no harm about him. How sharp you do take one up, to be sure! I suppose he's a right to let lodgings, and be a little cracked, as long as he don't bite any body, if he likes. I was quite staggered this morning to find out what he was in the daytime."

"And what is he at night? A clown, a man-baboon, a lamplighter, a fiddler, a joueur de cornemuse?"

"That's tellings. Ask me no questions, and—you know the rest. Billy Van Post's got him down in the pay list, and he draws his sal pretty regular. That's all we've any of us any right to know. It ain't much, but he's worth his salt to me and more. However, it isn't about old Foozlum that we're talking. His shabby little rattletrap of a place ain't good enough for you and missy to live in, let alone receiving your friends. You want some place more stylish—something slap up."

"I don't want to live in town," the countess returned. "I can not afford to keep a carriage—there were days when I kept two—and in eight days I should be ruined in cabs."

"Don't want you to be ruined in any thing. Don't want you to live at the West End. You'd be getting into some deviltry there. Why don't you come to the Cottage, you and missy?"

"The Cottage, where is that?"

"Don't you know that queer old crib behind the ball-room. Two hundred years old, they say it is. *I* think it is a thousand. There's a good many rats, and a ghost or two, but it's very picturesque, and in tol lol repair. Besides, it won't cost you a penny for rent or taxes, and old Mrs. Snuffburn—that's the Ranelagh housekeeper, you know—who's been there ever since the time of Gog and Magog, will see that you're all right and comfortable."

The countess was nothing loth.

"But," she said, as though making terms, "I shall be able to see all my friends there, Monsieur Mac?"

"The whole boiling of 'em. Tom, Dick, and Harry. Lords and ladies—whoever you please."

"Au bout du compte, elle me va, votre offre. I accept it," she answered, simply.

"That's all right. You'll be as jolly as a sand-boy there, and if you want a nice little supper as often as ever you like, the kitchen's close by, and I don't give a French man-cook six pounds a week for nothing. What an extravagant rascal he is to be sure! That fellow would fry his grandmother in the best Epping butter at one-and-sevenpence a pound, if Billy Van Post did not keep a sharp look-out after him."

The bargain, then, was concluded. It suited the Wild Woman in every way. She wanted an oasis in the midst of a desert, a solitude where none but her intimates could hear her, and where she could be as savage and uproarious as she pleased. She was cabined and cribbed in the Little South Lambeth Street, with the school-children down stairs, and the Chinese on one side, and the nurse on the other. "Va pour la chaumière," she cried, joyously. The Cottage was something wild, something Bohemian, something uncivilized, like herself.

The removal was soon effected. They had no penates. Lily's wardrobe could have been conveyed in a peck measure. The girl was sorry, nevertheless, to leave the little old schoolmaster and his humpbacked niece. Rhodope, indeed, cried very bitterly on the day of the lodger's departure, and, as she wound her arms round Lily, frequently complained that she had now nothing worth living for. It touched Lily to find that there was, after all, some one to like her, although that somebody was crook-backed and troubled with bunions.

Mr. Kafooze was sorry too—very sorry. He said more than once that he did not like the turn affairs were taking, and that some one meant mischief to some one else. The stars told him so. But the celestial bodies, vouchsafing him no further information, he was forced to assume a bland expression of countenance, and to mutter that it was no business of his, and that he had no right to interfere. He kept very carefully out of the way of the countess, of whom he was honestly afraid, sending for the rent by Rhodope, and requesting his late lodger—in a three-cornered note, beautifully executed in round hand—to do him the extreme favor of returning the latch-key. But he stole a quiet opportunity to bid Lily good-by on the kitchen stairs.

"It isn't a Kathleen Mavourneen farewell, after all," he whispered. "It won't be for years, and it won't be forever. The stars tell me so. I shall see you often, my dear, much oftener than you'll see me. You needn't take any notice of me, unless there's something very particular. I'm nobody, but I'm always about. God bless you, and beware of the gentlefolks!"

SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

WILL you do me the honor to sit up at the table and try another dish of my "*Literary Succotash?*" I've endeavored to make the mixture various, and (although different, I hope, from the contents of Macbeth's witches' caldron) yet "slab and good," notwithstanding:

"CONSIDERATE" AND "CONSCIENTIOUS" MEN.

I was thinking, this lovely September morning, in the country, a few desultory thoughts upon this twin theme; and, as I collated my thinkings, I came to this conclusion, that while a conscientious man may often be considerate, he certainly is not *always* so; but that, on the other hand, a considerate man is always *both* considerate and conscientious.

This, to some "extraor'nary or 'nary minds" of a *pseudo* logical turn, may seem a paradox; but it is no such thing—"whoever says so or not."

I have an illustration in point, I "seem to think." There are many of our "metropolitan fellow-*citizens*," as Mr. Fernando Wood once called "*us New Yorkers*," especially the walkers down Broadway (which in twenty years from this date will have become one of the most splendid and costly thoroughfares in the world—an avenue of marble and granite—mercantile edifices of varied and tasteful architecture)—there are many of "us," we say, who will remember the *bazar* of Mr. Hart, at the corner of Cortland Street and Broadway, west side, upper corner. His store was the popular resort of most of our townsmen as they traversed the great boulevard, going up or coming down; and as the proprietor was a very popular man in his manners, and his establishment an *omnium gatherum* both of "men and *things*," his snug place was, at the time, quite a "head-quarters" of town news.

Thus much for a brief "prologue to a swelling act."

It was *my* custom also, at that period—my office at that time being a little below Mr. Hart's, in Broadway—to stop frequently at his place and have a chat with him. I had been absent, however, for two or three weeks, with a few congenial friends, among the trout-streams of Sullivan and Orange counties (O! Callicoon and Mongaup! would I were luring "*the speckled*" from your swirling, murmuring, bubbling, sunny and shady bosoms to-day!), and it was a week or more after my return when, walking down Broadway one lovely morning, I overtook my friend, Mr. Hart, a few paces from his store, walking slowly between two friends.

"How *are* you to-day?" I said, as usual, whenever we encountered each other; but he looked pale and sad, and did not instantly respond; so I added at once, "but I am afraid you are ill; you don't look at all well!"

"Haven't you heard of my terrible accident?" he asked.

I explained that I had been out of town for several days, and since my return had been very busy, and had therefore had no time to call at his store.

He, upon this, parted his frock-coat in front, and directed my attention to a protuberance above his right groin, to the extent, I should say, of a medium-sized musk-melon.

"About two months ago," said he, "in walking down to the store in the morning, I happened to step upon a piece of banana-skin, slipped upon it, and fell suddenly to the pavement. I got up in a moment, and felt no pain, but only a little annoyance at the ridiculous figure I cut and the laughter of the passers-by.

"The next day, however, I became sensible of a dull, heavy sensation in my right groin; and that night, on examination, I found exuding from an almost imperceptible orifice a whitish fluid. This continued to increase, day after day, with additional pain, and as it issued it ossified—*turned to bone*—until it has reached the enormous size you see. Is it not awful to think of?

"To-morrow morning Dr. —— and Dr. —— [two of our most distinguished surgeons] are to perform the operation of excision, which I'm told is not a very painful one; at any rate, I am willing to undergo almost any thing to have it cut off."

Two days afterward, as we passed the bazar, we saw that it was closed, and the black and white crape upon the door-handle and the following announcement explained the reason:

"*Closed in consequence of the death of the proprietor.*"

Mr. Hart had died under the operation!*

And this incident brings us to the illustration of a "*Considerate Man*," who, if he had preceded Mr. Hart on the fatal morning of his fall, would have saved him from that and the terrible catastrophe which ensued.

We were walking in the same street one day with the late Mr. Joseph Curtis, and remarked that every now and then he would pause, and with his cane knock from off the pavement a peach-skin or some other slippery rind of its kind, saying, at the same time,

"Lewis, whenever you see any thing like that lying on the walk kick it into the street: it may save many an accident—perhaps a human life."

Here was a Considerate Man.

It was the same spirit of considerateness which prompted him, he afterward said, never to notice any bodily infirmity in persons whom he met; to pass on the right side, or sit on the right side in a rail-car, of any one afflicted, for instance, with those painful blood-red "marks," forms of grape-bunches, etc., which are so often seen to disfigure the human countenance. And we may add that it was the same spirit which prompted him to invent the chairs which have prevented, since then, the achings of thousands upon thousands of little children's backs in the Public Schools; and how to hold, use, and keep clean and neat their books, so that daily use might not render them distasteful in their externals.

We have never forgotten the first two lessons as above imparted by a Considerate Man.

We shall speak, it may be, of the Conscientious Man hereafter.

VERY PUBLIC WHITEWASHING.

"IN the days of some time ago," when one of the publishers of this journal was Honorable Lord Mayor of Gotham, a most amusing scene was enacted in front of the City Hall, of which there are two *original* witnesses, the very first who saw its commencement.

The late Charles M. Leupp (so long the near and prominent neighbor of the publishers hereof, in the adjoining "Swamp") was crossing the City Hall Park, in company with "the present writer," one summer morning about eleven o'clock. We had been "laughing consumedly" at the airs of a tall, "shabby-genteel" apple-seller at a table by the gate; a man who looked like a seedy minister of the Gospel, or a disciplined Quaker "out of meeting:" "*Here* is an article of apple which we can put to you at two cents; but those in *that* pile can not be afforded under three cents, for they are of a very superior quality," etc., etc.

Well, as we neared the City Hall we beheld and lo! a great blue-breeched black man, with a pail of lime-water and a whitewash-brush in his hand, was bedaubing the southeast basement-corner of that beautiful edifice (of brown stone, as every body knows) with his *plastic* fluid. He hadn't given more than four or five "dabs" with his broad splasher (the stains remained there for years, and may be faintly seen there now for aught I know) when Leupp asked him:

"What are you doing *that* for?"

"Goin' to whitewash de basement all in front."

"Who told you to do it?"

"Dere was a man on de corner over dar who hired me to do it las' night. He guv me two dollars and a 'alf to begin; and he's gwine to git me *twenty* dollars when I finish de job. Take me 'bout a week, I reckon."

By this time several people had gathered round, and the news had been carried in to the Mayor's office that "a big nigger outside was *whitewashing the City Hall!*"

His Honor came out, and, looking with wonderment through his gold spectacles, saw that it was even so, and ordered the sable artist to "hold up."

"Can't do it, massa: it's a 'big job,' and I've been part paid: goin' to have some every day tel I get twenty dollars."

And on went another spattering-splash with his broad "instrument," while he smoothed down the liquid with professional pride.

After a while "necessity was laid upon him," and he was compelled to desist; not without much grumbling, however.

"What'st any body's business ef I *do de job*, and do it good as I kin? I told de man I would, an' I oughter! He said it was a dirty place, outside and in, and wanted cleanin' out!"

Some wag of a partisan, who "belonged on the other side," had started the poor fellow on a mission of "cleansing the Augean stable;" and much sport did the commencement of the operation create in the minds of all fun-loving Gotham.

Leupp never forgot this scene "to his dying day," and he could describe it better than any other one man who saw it: the obstinacy of the operator, his disregard of remonstrance, and his disdain for the laughter which was echoing from the by-standers who were witnessing his labors—O! it was *very* funny!

SPEAKING of Mr. Leupp, it may truly be said that no man more thoroughly appreciated "a good thing." Would that I could once more hear him describe a scene which he once witnessed at Blossom's old celebrated hotel in Canandaigua!

Lobsters were a great rarity at that time in the western part of the State of New York, and were not frequently seen even in its loveliest village; but Blossom, who always *would* have, by hook or by crook, every luxury upon his table which could be obtained in the markets of New York, one day had consigned to him some choice lobsters. He had them attractively presented upon his "full-spread board," where to some of his guests they were a curiosity—to *one*, especially, a penurious old fellow from the neighboring "country," who asked:

"Mr. Blossom, what's them red critters with the big claws?"

"Those are *lobsters*, Mr. Blank, a very great luxury. Try a *piece* of one: they are rather difficult to manage at first, but when you come to the *juice* you'll say you never tasted any thing more delicious!"

His guests laughed, for they "understood" Blossom; and while he was waiting to dress one of the "red critters," he drew off a *claw*. and presented it to his country friend.

The man had but two teeth in his cadaverous jaws; but he took the claw, and began to mumble and manipulate it.

"It's ruther *hard*, Mr. Blossom," said he, the "beads" beginning to appear upon his wrinkled forehead.

"Yes: I *told* you so," said Blossom; "but when you get to the *juice*, as I said, you'll admit that you have been repaid for your trouble."

By industrious drilling he finally established a hole, a fact which was made apparent to his host by the old fellow's manifest satisfaction.

"How do you like it *now?*" asked Blossom.

"Wa'al, it's pretty tough eatin'; but I kinder like the *peth* on't."

But as Blossom began to crack the lobsters' claws and shell, and extract the "*peth* on 'em," and the laugh ran from one end of the table to the other, "by *this* and by *that*," the victim saw the *pith* of the *joke*.

TOPOGRAPHY AND PATRIOTISM.

WHATEVER strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. There is a strong and a most important connection between *Topography* and *Patriotism*. What do you think our soldiers, fighting for this very sentiment—for a united country and undivided homes, North and South—think of it? If the one is desecrated, will not the other be jeopardled, if not destroyed? Show me a man who "cares no more for one place than another," and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice. You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root.

GOOD COOKING AND PIETY.

I DON'T think "Sam Slick" himself, shrewd and outspoken old trump as he is, ever gave vent, in his inimitable way, to a more irrefragable truth than is contained in this short sentence from "Adam Bede:"

"I've nothin' to say agin her piety, my dear, but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in tired and hungry piety won't feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Truman's dinner, and I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It is right enough to be speritual—I'm no enemy to that—but *I like my potatoes mealy*. I don't see as any body 'ull go to heaven any sooner for not digestin' their dinner; providin' they don't die the sooner, as mayhap Mr. Truman will, poor man!"

IT is a rare thing to find *proper names* introduced into verse with ease and effect; but you gave, Messrs. Editors, in a late number of the *Weekly*, a very happy illustration of the "way to do it" in the equally caustic and facile lines of Professor Lowell, of Cambridge. Dr. Maginn, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, excelled in this kind. Do you remember his broad burlesque "poem" on

"A lady who once lived in Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
Who, in spite of *all* her teeth,
Fell in love with an Irishman:
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, bumping, thumping,
Ramping, roaring Irishman.

* * * * * * *

"His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN,
And whenever he finished his tumbler of punch,
He always wanted it *full* ag'in:
The boozy, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman,
The great he-rogue,
With his wonderful brogue,
The fighting, rioting Irishman!"

About the breaking out of the present unhappy war, somebody (and I wish I knew his name, for he fully equals "Ensign O'Doherty" of the "Noctes," in his way) wrote the following. Its satire is as pungent as its style is "humorsome." I can only give three or four verses, but they will "tell the story:"

"Two Irishmen out of employ,
And out at the elbows as aisily,
Adrift in a grocery store,
Were smoking and taking it lazily;
The one was a "broth of a boy,"
Whose cheek-bones turned out and turned in ag'in,
His name it was Paddy O'Toole,
The *other* was Mr. M'Finnigan.

"'Bad luck to the rebels,' says Pat,
'For kicking up all this bobbery;
They call themselves gintlemen, too,
While practicin' murder and robbery:
Now if it's gentale for to stale,
And take all your creditors in ag'in,
I'm glad *I'm* no gintleman born'—
'You're right, Sir,' says Mr. M'Finnigan.

"'The nagur States wanted a row,
And now, 'pon me word, they've got in it;
They've chosen a bed that is hard,
However they strive for to cottin it;
Now if it's the nagurs they mane,
By "chivalry," then it's a sin ag'in
To fight for a cause that's so black;'
'You're right, Sir,' says Mr. M'Finnigan.

* * * * * * *

"'There's never an Irishman born,
From Maine to the end of Secessiondom,
But longs for a time and a chance
To fight for this country in Hesslandom:
And so if ould England should try
With a treacherous friendship to sin ag'in,
They'll be all on one side at once;'
'You're *right*, Sir!' said Mr. M'Finnigan."

This is very far from being an *easy* style, as any one will find who may try to adopt it.

"I WAS over at Greenwood the other day," writes a friend, "and while traversing the multitudinous avenues and side-paths of that most beautiful PARK, rather than 'City of the Dead,' I could not help but think of that expressive sentence you quoted in your last number: 'Death is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door.' 'For each of the two hundred thousand reposing here,' thought I, 'Death has stopped at *same* door in yonder smoky metropolis, from which even here, in the solemn stillness, like the distant under-tone of Niagara, you can hear the subdued din of "multitudes of men commercing"—the roaring of the wheels.'"

Yes: two hundred thousand shells of men and women repose in Greenwood, who but a little while ago were toiling, bustling, scheming, "getting gain," or giving life and grace to society in yonder city. Yet I remember Greenwood when as yet not a single person had been buried in its lovely grounds.

Major Douglas, a graduate of West Point, who had an office at No. 5 Wall Street, started this great enterprise, and laid out the grounds. I was one among some fifty representatives of the daily, weekly, and monthly New York press, who, at the invitation of the Major, visited the place for the first time; and although at that period only the different "points" and paths had been marked out, the grounds and views were replete with natural beauty.

The lunch was "debouched," I remember, upon the banks of "Sylvan Water;" and while we were doing justice to the sandwiches and the Champagne a big bird flew across and disappeared in the foliage. Then there arose quite an animated discussion as to what manner of winged creature it was.

"It was a *heron*," said Charles F. Daniels, then associate-editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

"I think *not*," answered the present writer, affecting to misunderstand him. "It was not a *Scotch* herring, that is certain, nor a *red* herring."

The next morning, in an account of the visit to the future Greenwood, the *Courier* said that its contemporary of the *Knickerbocker* became so oblivious over the lunch that he couldn't tell a *hawk* from a *Scotch herring!*

There was not much to be won at the hands of the witty C. F. Daniels.

"Enough for the present."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THAT was a mean Dutchman, that Hans Karg. He had one beautiful Madonna-looking daughter, who no more resembled him than a flower the root. "Hans, how on earth do you manage to keep your potatoes from freezing?" asked a neighbor, one morning. "Fy, I makes Caroline shleep on de potatoes," answered Hans; "dat keeps dem from freezin'!"

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.—Coming to a "block" in the streets every ten minutes.

Old G—— is a great advocate of economy, and never lets an opportunity pass for commending this virtue. Not long ago he was speaking in praise of a couple of young men who roomed together, and remarked, "It don't cost them any thing for dress; each one wears out the other's old clothes."

A gentleman at an inn being supplied with two candles which gave a very dim light, called to the waiter: "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of decent candles to see how these others burn!"

"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

DRILL FOR MARRIED VOLUNTEERS.

Fall In—To your wife's wishes; you'll find that you are a gainer by doing so.

Attention—To the children pay a little.

Right Face—Your business, and follow it with all your energy.

Quick March—To the call of duty, and never mind the consequences.

Halt—When your wife points out to you that such and such a course is not the proper one.

Right about Face—When you are invited by a "friend" to take another glass, and you know that you have had sufficient.

Present Arms—When your wife asks you to push the perambulator for her.

Break Off—Attending the public house so much, and keep at home. You will be benefited by it physically, morally, and socially.

Laraby and Joe H—— were neighbors, and, with the exception of an occasional quarrel, always lived in peace. Joe H—— had an ugly cur that trespassed upon the premises of Laraby, whereupon he terminated its existence very suddenly; and when Joe appeared, to wrathfully demand satisfaction or to avenge its death, Laraby sought to escape consequences by pleading ignorance. "If I had known that it was your dog," said he, "I wouldn't have touched a hair of his head; but the fact is," he continued, with terrible earnestness, "I didn't know that he was any relation to you."

An old miser, who was notoriously parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a doctor. "What shall I do with my head?" said the old man; "it's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired. The prescription ran thus: "When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."

A manufacturer has succeeded in making such an improvement in Britannia metal goods that it is asserted he is obliged to warrant them *not* silver.

A married woman can acquire nothing, the *proper tie* of marriage making all she has the *proper-ty* of her husband.

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?—One tars his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

"You say, Mr. Snooks, that you saw plaintiff leave the house. Was it in haste?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not sartin, Sir, but I think it was the boot of his landlord." "That will do. Clerk, call the next witness."

"I should like to pay you off," as John Bull said to the National Debt.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

Why is type-setting beneficial to a nervous man?—Because he can *compose* himself.

Why is the letter t like your nose?—Because it goes before you (u).

"Ho, Tommy!" bawls Type, to a brother in trade,
"The ministry are to be *changed*, it is said."
"That's good," replied Tom, "but it better would be
With a trifling erratum." "What?" "Dele the c."

A gentleman has discovered an excellent way to disperse a crowd of idle boys. He offers to teach them the Catechism, and they instantly run away.

A merchant having been attacked by some thieves at five in the afternoon, said: "Gentlemen, you open shop early to-day."

Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth; but, to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he, "the bridge is gone!"

A SCHOOLMASTER'S PROVERB.—The softer the head the harder the work of driving any thing into it.

The man who was lately "struck with a new thought," has resolved to overlook the act, it being the first time, and there is little danger of a repetition of the offense.

Mrs. Partington wants to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridal ceremony?

A mother admonishing her son (a lad about seven years of age), told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding tonight."

An old maid, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found all the needles had tears in their eyes.

SNOW-DROP.—Nature's delicate announcement that she is coming out in full dress.

MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

IT is known that a monument is soon to be erected in Chicago to the memory of the lamented STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. We are enabled this week to present our readers with an accurate engraving of the monument, from a drawing made directly from the model for the *Weekly*. Its beauty will be apparent to every eye, and no word of encomium for the artist is necessary from us.

The monument will be one hundred feet high, wrought in marble on a granite base. Through the arched and grated bronze door seen in the engraving will be visible the sarcophagus containing the remains of the departed Senator. Directly over it an eagle with drooped wings is sitting, a sublime emblem of mourning for a dead statesman. The four seated statues upon the pedestals at the corners of the base are designed to represent: 1st, Illinois, at the right, holding a medallion portrait of Douglas; 2d, America, at the left, supporting a wheat-sheaf; 3d, History, at the left in the rear, with tablet and pencil; and 4th, Fame, holding a wreath and a trumpet.

The bas-reliefs upon the sides of the column-supporting pedestal base are designed to represent in panorama the progress of American civilization—more especially in the Western States—with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so peculiarly identified. That which is presented in the engraving represents the life of the untamed Indian, with a woman and papoose, and a hunter dragging a deer up to the door of a wigwam. Following this is a scene representing Agriculture and the first settling of the country—the settler's cabin and family, the plowing of the land, and the felling of the forest. Next comes a view of Commerce and Science—with caduceus, boxes and barrels of merchandise, locomotive, and telegraph. The last relief is Education—with the

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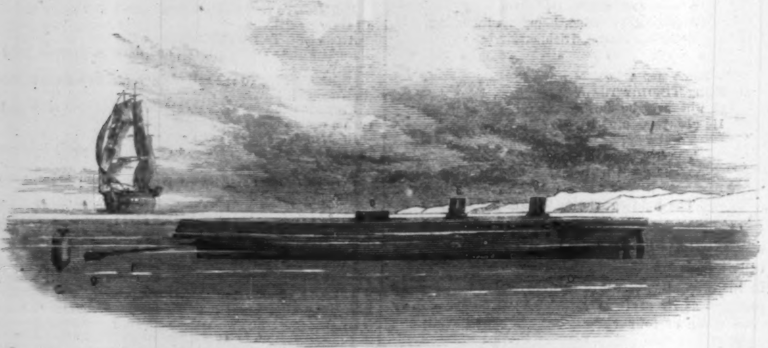
* Few of my city readers but will remember the case of Mr. Halsey, father of three opulent and well-known metropolitan merchants, who slipped upon a piece of orange-peel, and was so seriously injured that he was compelled to keep his apartment for *fifteen years!* A very active old gentleman too, who suffered only from this terrible casualty.



A. Arm.—B. Basket.—C. Torpedo.—D. Pilot-house.—E. Smoke-stack.—F. Ventilator.

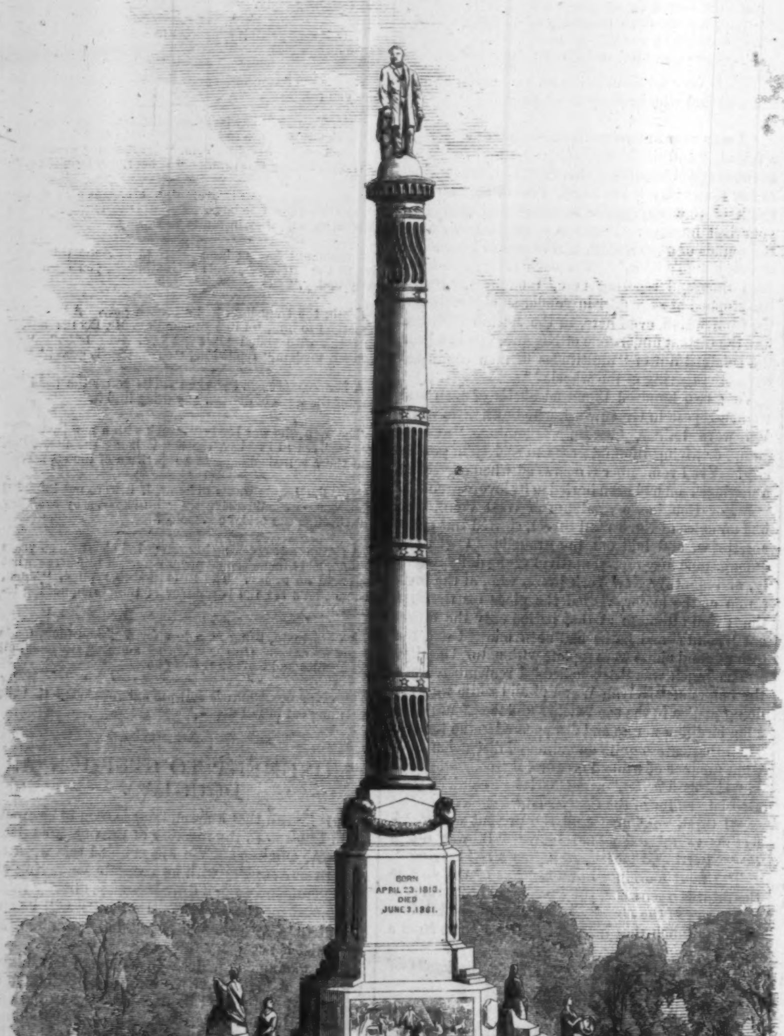
UNITED STATES TORPEDO BOAT "NEW ERA."

humble school-house, the church, and the National Capitol.

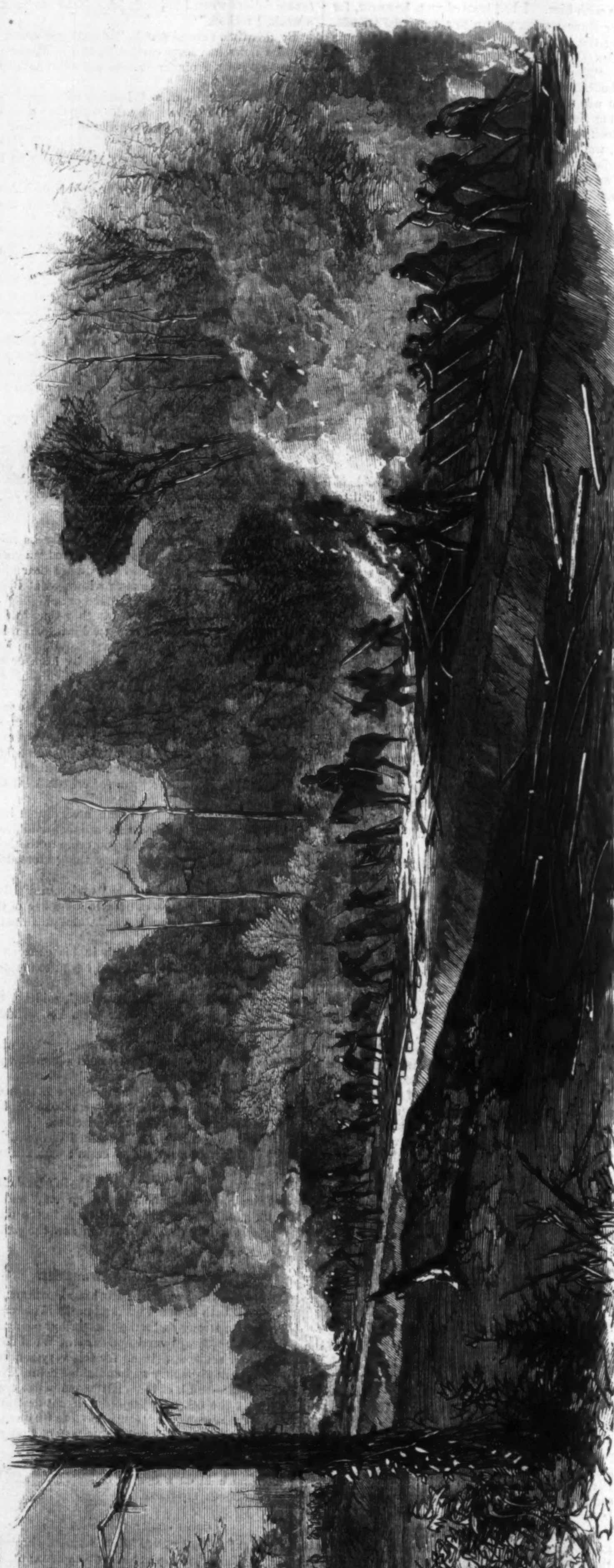
Wreaths, scrolls, etc., adorn the pedestal above, while higher towers the marble composite column, forty-two feet in height, and bearing stars, indicative of the States of the Union. The whole is surmounted by a colossal statue of DOUGLAS, standing upon a bronze globe, with his right hand upon the *fasces*—symbolical of the Union—and his left holding the Constitution.

The monument is well suited to the level character of the Illinois country, and in that regard follows a recognized principle in art and architecture among the ancients, hitherto too little regarded in America. The location of the monument will be upon the shore of Lake Michigan, in a beautiful grove in the southern suburbs of the city of Chicago, already consecrated as the resting-place of Senator DOUGLAS's remains. From the various approaches to the city, by land or water, the tall shaft of the monument will be seen pricking the blue of the skies.

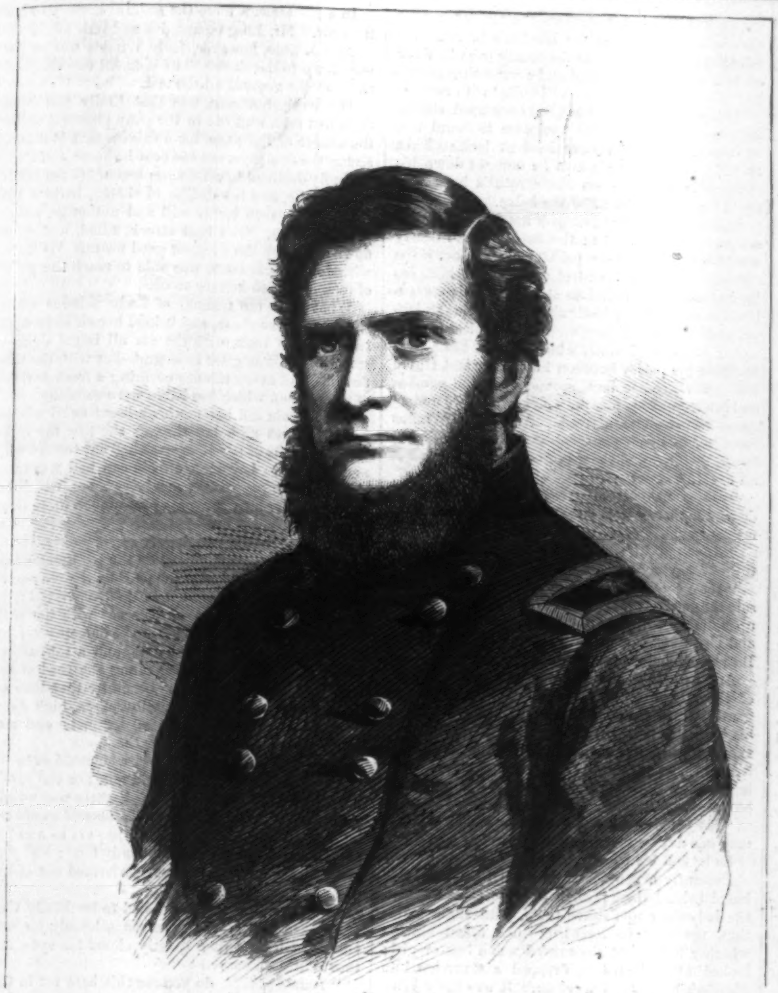
It has been erroneously reported throughout the country that the cost of the monument will be $500,000. It will cost, as estimated, only $50,000. In this place we think it proper also to correct a statement, which is being widely circulated by the press, to the effect that Mr. VOLK is a German. LEONARD WELLS VOLK was born at Wellstown, Hamilton County, New York, in 1828. His ancestors were among the first settlers of New York city—then New Amsterdam—which brings him in the eighth generation on this continent. He is American in his every sentiment, loyal to the core, thoroughly Western in his ideas of art, as well exemplified in this his last and one of his greatest works. He is also a relative of Mr. DOUGLAS by marriage, and has an earnest reverence for the memory of the departed statesman. His work has been, in the deepest sense, a work of love.


BORN
APRIL 23. 1813.
DIED
JUNE 3. 1861.

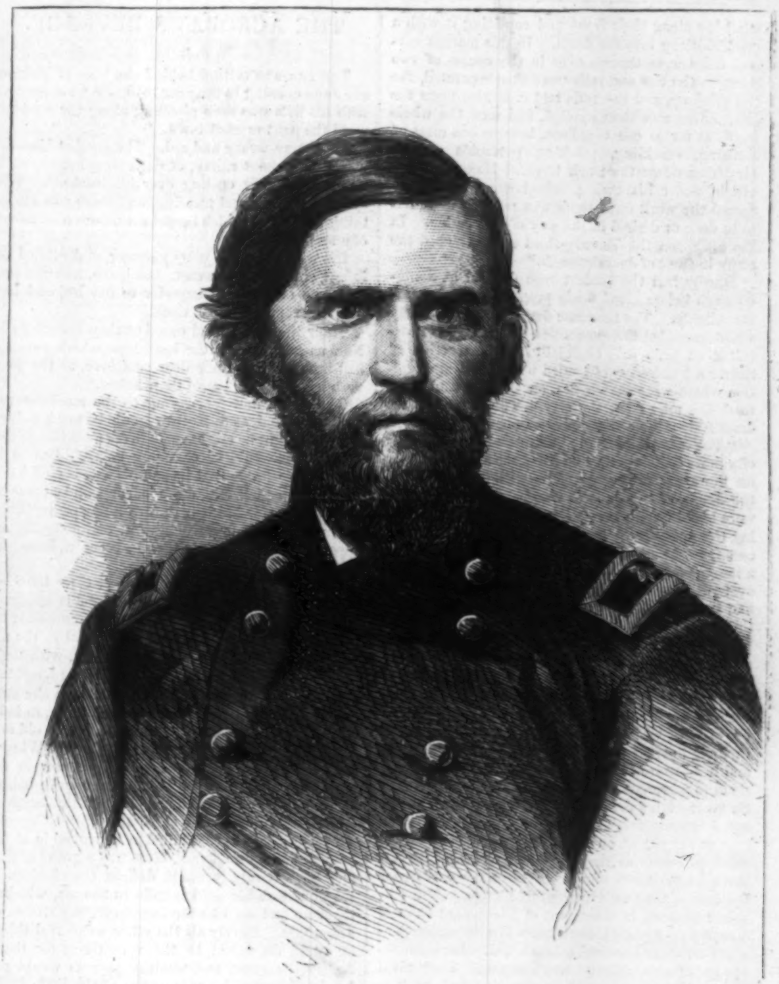
MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY DESTROYING THE MACON RAILROAD BETWEEN ROUGH AND READY AND JONESBOROUGH, GEORGIA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES D. MORGAN.—Photographed by Bishop.—[See next Page.]

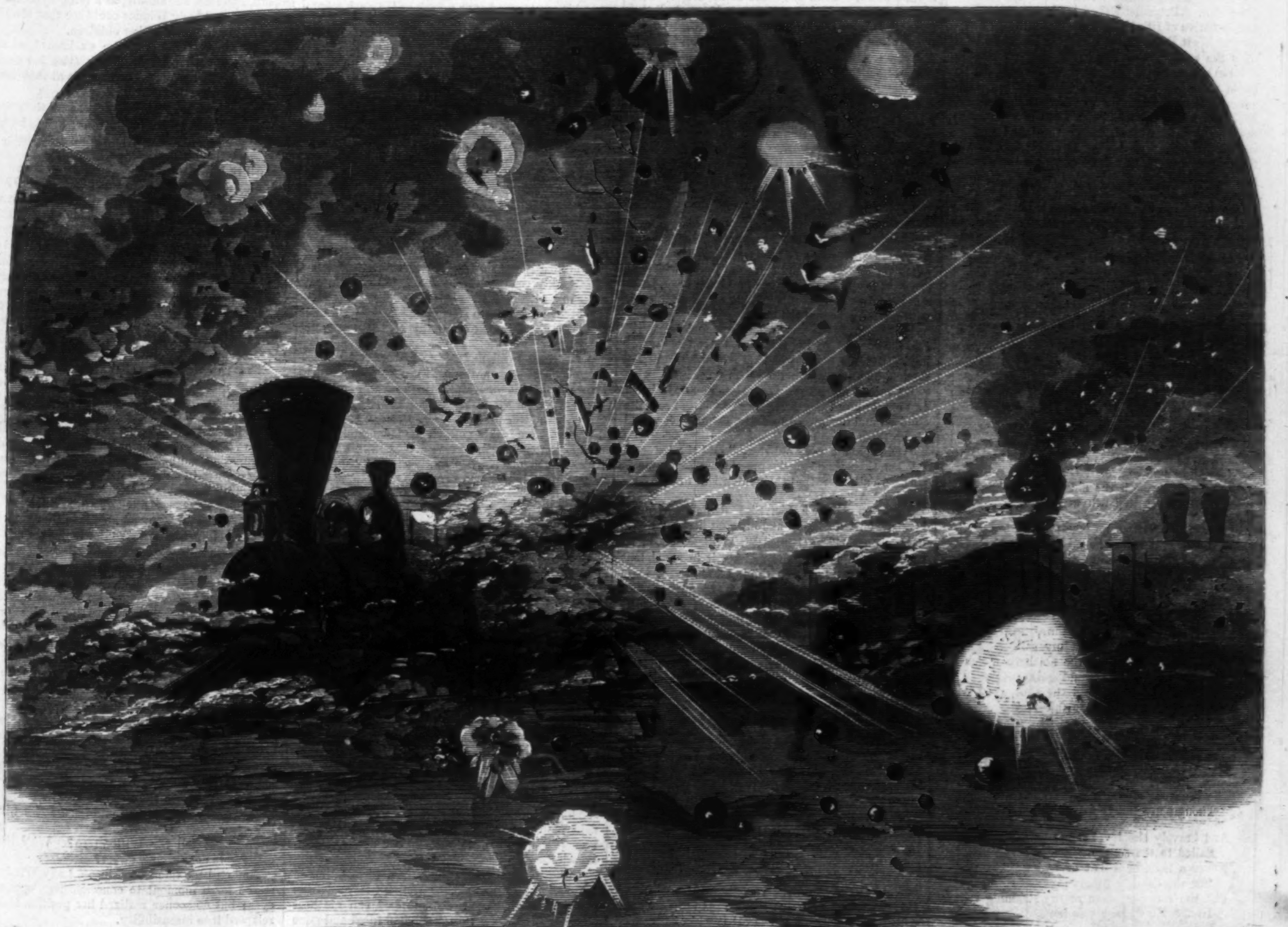


BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM P. CARLIN.—Photographed by Bishop.—[See next Page.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S VICTORY.

We give on pages 629, 636, and 637 illustrations of General Sherman's recent victory.

The sketch given on page 636 represents Sherman's army tearing up and destroying the Macon railroad below Rough and Ready. Sherman had swung his whole army round upon this road, leaving only the Twentieth Corps to guard his dépôts of supplies, and his line of communications across the Chattahoochie. Jeff C. Davis's Corps held the extreme right of the army after it struck the Macon Road, and was therefore nearest Jonesborough, where the rebel Hardee's Corps was posted. The other Corps, the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth, commenced early in the morning of September 1 to tear up the railroad. "At eight o'clock," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "the whole of the Third Division, Twenty-third Corps, was strung out along the track, each regiment taking hold of



DESTRUCTION OF CARS BY GENERAL HOOD PREVIOUS TO THE EVACUATION OF ATLANTA, September 1, 1864.—[See next Page.]

what lay along their front and capsizing it with a crash sidelong into the ditch. In this manner several miles were thrown over in the course of two hours. The ties and rails were then separated, the ties piled up, and the rails laid crosswise upon the pile. Fire was then applied, and soon the whole track, as far as one could see, became one mass of seething, crackling, smoking pyramids of fire. Marching down the track General Hascall's Division, under his own personal supervision, continued the work until there was nothing more left to be done or desired in the way of destruction. In the afternoon the Twenty-third Corps reached the army in front of Jonesborough."

Hardly had the contest been decided at Jonesborough before Hood made preparations to evacuate Atlanta. The immense destruction of property which preceded the evacuation of the city is illustrated on page 637, especially the destruction of nearly a hundred cars loaded with fixed ammunition which were set on fire, on the Augusta Railroad, one mile from the city. The scene is thus described in the correspondence above quoted:

"The detonation of the bursting shells shook the city to its foundations, and filled the air continually for the space of several hours with fragments and the débris of the general wreck. The explosions were heard twenty-five miles from the city. Visiting this spot, I saw the naked trunks and axles of cars for near a half mile in extent, the ground for a long distance on both sides of the track covered over with the evidences of the terrible agents which had been at work. A large locomotive had been thrown off the track at one end by the explosions. Three locomotives are said to have been captured in running order. Four field-guns were lying near the track in one place, and four 32-pounders in another place. The latter had but recently been brought up for siege-guns. A considerable number of guns which the rebels could not take away in their hurried flight from the city were buried, and head-boards with lying epitaphs placed above them to personate graves of old soldiers. General Sherman states the number of guns captured as 27; and 7 locomotives."

Another sketch on page 629 gives a view of the rebel prisoners as they appeared returning to Atlanta as prisoners of war. The party was under the care of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois regiment, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Langley. Among the prisoners was Brigadier-General Govan and several colonels, and other commissioned officers, mostly Kentuckians. They filled the road for a mile, and as they marched back to the city which they had so long defended they appeared to excite in those living near the city much curiosity and commiseration. These people came out in troops to see the procession, and not unfrequently offered them water and refreshments.

On page 637 we give portraits of Brigadier-Generals Carlin and Morgan, who have taken part in the honors and hardships of Sherman's victorious campaign. Brigadier-General William P. Carlin, a native of Illinois, entered the military academy at West Point in 1846, and graduated in 1850 with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant. He entered the war as Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Illinois Volunteers. When Jeff Thompson was advancing into the interior of Missouri in October, 1861, Colonel Carlin had command of three regiments, the Twenty-first, Thirty-third, and Thirty-eighth Illinois. In the battle of Fredericktown, fought October 21, this force was prominently engaged. General Carlin commands the First division of Jeff C. Davis's Corps, and was in the advance in the recent attack on Jonesborough. General Morgan commands the Second division of the same Corps, and was also prominently engaged in the battle of Jonesborough.

THE FISHER.

The wife in the cot is lonely
  Since the fisher went away,
And the sun-burnt child it has not smiled
  This many and many a day,
And the schools of mackerel come unscared
  To the rocks of the inner bay.

The boat lies bottom upward
  On the edge of the crawling tide,
And the tangled net is green and wet
  In the slime and drift beside,
And grass through the alder hurdle shoots,
  Where the salted fish was dried.

The autumn brings no bounty
  And freight from the misty Banks,
Though the fishers come to their winter home
  With a thousand well-filled tanks;
And every unladen, luckless craft
  Has a golden cause for thanks.

The fisher said one spring-time,
  "Good wife, I have set my sail
These twenty years for the northern meres
  Of the iceberg, mist, and gale,
And my country has paid the shot, good wife,
  Whenever I chanced to fail—

"Paid for my sailor knowledge,
  And the skill of my ready hand,
And blue on my arm as a sacred charm
  Is the flag that guards the land.
The time has come to pay up the debt,
  Though my life it may demand."

And bravely the loyal fisher
  Sailed to the southern sea.
Never a hook or a bait he took
  For the deathly fishery;
But the stanchest man at the straining rope
  In the Northerner was he.

On the bloody deck of the *Hartford*
  Last month the fisher lay;
The azure charm pricked on his arm
  Was striped with red that day;
And the debt of twenty years was paid
  With a life in Mobile Bay.

THE ACROBAT'S REVENGE.

I.

The sun was setting behind the hills of Maldon one June evening in the year 1845, when an acrobat with his wife was seen plodding along the road toward the next market-town.

They were weary and sad. The acrobat himself was a man about thirty, of dark complexion, with raven black hair curling over his forehead. His eyes were black and piercing, and there was something in his look which bespoke a nature above that of a mountebank.

His wife was some years younger, and carried an infant child at her breast. She, too, had the appearance of a person superior to her lot, and her face was comely to look upon.

Their life was a hard one, but they bore it well. Nor, as yet, had all the hardships which poverty had brought into their door sent love, as the proverb has it, flying out of the window.

They were now journeying to the market-town of Maldon, and, as to-morrow would be market-day, Duval thought he might come in for a portion of the money that would be changing hands. But as it was very desirable that he and his wife should have supper after their long day's journey, and a place to sleep in, he was anxious to earn a few pence either in the town or before reaching it, and presently an opportunity arose by which, as he thought, he might do so.

Almost opposite to him, at two or three hundred yards distance, was the lodge and noble gateway of a gentleman's park. As Duval approached it he heard voices sounding high and mirthful in the air—the voices of children making merry, with their light young hearts and their clear ringing laughter.

As he came nearer and looked through the gate he saw between twenty and thirty children, in holiday attire, playing upon the lawn before an old and spacious mansion which had belonged to the Windus family for many generations, and was now in the possession of Sir William Windus, the tenth baronet, and it was the birthday of his little daughter which the children were celebrating.

The acrobat's eyes kindled as he looked in at the bevy of holiday-makers. Here was a grand chance for him. Surely it would delight the children to see him flash his golden balls in the air, whirling them up and up, like the ever-springing stream of a fountain. Surely all the other wonderful things he could do would be the very thing for them. Surely the great and wealthy parents would pay handsomely for the amusement of the little ladies and the little gentlemen. He paused for a moment, then slowly pushed open the gate, and walked in toward the lawn, followed by his wife.

Had there been any one there whose permission he could have asked he would have done so. But there was no one but the children themselves; and, therefore, addressing one of the oldest, he asked her if they would like to see some of his feats. The girl smilingly replied that they would; and all the little faces, with their great eyes, were turned upon the acrobat and the wonderful box which he took from his shoulders and laid upon the ground.

And now the eyes of wonder opened as wide as they could go. And so intent was the little audience in watching the acrobat, and so intent was Duval in catching his brass balls, that none of them perceived that Sir William Windus was approaching with his game-keeper. He came forward with rapid strides, and when within a few paces of Duval he called out to him, in a voice of thunder,

"Vagabond! how dared you enter here?"

For a moment Duval stood astounded and dumb at this sudden interruption. He saw before him a gentleman much taller than himself, in shooting coat and boots, with a felt hat; narrow-shouldered; fair, with shaven lip and chin, but bushy whiskers of deep tawny hue; his eyes of a bluish gray, large and bright; and his bearing that of an aristocrat, with a strong dash of the bully.

"Come, pack up your trumpery, and begone!" said the baronet, seeing that Duval stood looking at him. But the acrobat had recovered his self-possession, and now said, with a firm voice:

"I meant no offense, your Honor; nor to harm any one or any thing belonging to you. I saw the children and made bold to enter, thinking it would please them to see my—"

"Oh, that's a very old story," said the baronet. "When thieves and gipsies prowl about gentlemen's parks we all know that their intentions are perfectly innocent!"

"Do you call *me* a thief, Sir?" demanded Duval, his dark cheek coloring and his eyes flashing fire.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir William, his blood rushing into his face, and making it in a moment red with rage; "do you think I would chat logic with a strolling vagabond like you? I told you to pack up and be off! Do so at once." And as the baronet uttered this command he raised the hand in which he held his whip, as if about to strike the acrobat.

Duval looked at him with a savage glare of his keen dark eyes, and slowly, in a deep voice, trembling with suppressed rage, said—

"You had better not!"

"Duval!" said his wife, gently pulling him by the sleeve, and in a tone of mingled pathos and humility, "never mind the gentleman. We shouldn't have come in without his leave. We humbly ask your pardon, Sir; come, Duval, let us go."

"Take your wife's advice, my man," said the game-keeper, "and don't come into gentlemen's parks no more till such times as you're specially invited. There, now, gather up your toggery and get out."

While Martha and the game-keeper had been speaking, Duval's eyes remained riveted on Sir William's. The baronet had dared to threaten him with a blow; with a blow of that whip with which he was wont to chastise his dogs. Duval would have died sooner than endure such a degradation, and he felt half-inclined to spring upon Sir William as it was, and show him that when it comes to close fighting between man and man wealth and rank make no difference in pride of manhood or strength of limb. Sir William saw the fierce spirit that was struggling in the acrobat's breast. He felt that he could not bear the steady gaze he fixed on him, and that his proud and overbearing nature had met its match. His blood boiled with rage.

"Impudent villain!" he at last exclaimed, stamping on the ground, "do you dare to beard me, to browbeat me with your insolent look? Take that!" And lifting his arm he brought down his whip with a thud upon the acrobat's back that could be heard as far off as the lodge.

Mad with rage, frenzied with insult, Duval, with a tiger-spring, rushed at the baronet; and dearly would Sir William have paid for his rash act if the acrobat could only have had one blow at him, delivered with the prodigious strength of his muscular arm and broad, athletic shoulders. But as Duval rushed forward, Leo, one of the noblest hounds in Sir William's kennel, which had for some time watched the parley between his master and Duval with grave, sedate face, sprang upon the acrobat and intercepted his attack. Meanwhile two under-game-keepers had arrived. And Lady Windus from her bedroom casement saw the struggle between the man and the dog, and wondered what it all could be about.

"Down, Leo, down!" cried Sir William, and the dog sprang away from the man and sat down by his master's side.

"Now put him out," said the baronet, as he turned away and walked off toward the hall.

"It's no use making any more fuss about it," said the good-natured game-keeper, as Duval sprang upon his feet, his face and hands covered with dust and blood. "You were wrong in the beginning. Be advised and go your way quietly."

And Duval *was* advised; the more easily because of the appealing look his wife gave him as she gently wiped the blood from his face. He slung his box once more over his shoulders, and walked slowly toward the gate; he passed through it, closed it, and then pausing, he clenched his hand, and lifting it toward Heaven, cried out, in the agony of his heart,

"My God! I ask only this favor of thee—that I may one day be revenged!"

So he and his wife resumed their journey.

Presently a pony-chaise, driven by a lady, was heard behind them; when it came close to them the lady drew up; asked them, with slight agitation, the way to Natwich; then asked Martha whether the infant she carried was a boy or girl; looked at it, kissed it, dropped a sovereign into Martha's hands, and drove on. It was Lady Windus.

II.

Two years passed, and a beautiful lady lay reclined upon a sofa in the large and richly furnished drawing-room of a country mansion, every thing about which betokened the great wealth of its proprietor, who sat by the window patting the head of a noble mastiff, which every now and then looked up at his master, and gave a bark as if to ask what he could do for him. There was not much that dog or man could do for the wealthy owner of Windus Park; for time had lavished on him all her favors—ancient descent, great wealth, a beautiful wife, and two promising children. Well might Sir William be a proud man.

Suddenly the luxurious silence of the room was disturbed by a loud clamor in the hall, in which questions were heard rapidly put by some one in an agitated voice—"Where is my lady? Where is Sir William?" and the next moment Emily Carter, Miss Joan's maid, rushed into the drawing-room.

Sir William and Lady Windus started up.

"What is the matter?" demanded the baronet.

"Oh, Sir William! oh, my lady!—oh, my dear good lady—"

And then Emily shrieked three or four times running, and, turning white as death, fell back into a chair in a fit.

"Heavens on earth!" exclaimed Sir William; "what is the meaning of all this? Chambers, do you know?"

"Only, Sir William," said Chambers, very slowly, and selecting her words with a precision which showed that she was resolved neither to under nor over state what she had heard from Emily; "only, Sir William, this much. Emily Carter came to the door, as I were looking out on the lawn, and with a awful countenance, and every one knows what Emily's countenance is when Emily's in one of her—"

"Confound it, woman! come to the point!" cried Sir William.

"So, Sir, she says to me," Chambers suddenly quickening her pace; "'the children,' says she, 'the boat,' says she; 'where's Sir William?' says she; 'where's my lady?' And when I told her, Sir, where you and my lady was, she rushes in, and as my name's Sarah Chambers that's all as Emily Carter said to me."

Though Chambers's information was neither copious nor distinct, it conveyed forcibly enough that the children were in danger, and that the boat had something to do with it.

It is impossible to describe the ghastly hue which spread over Sir William's face, as the thought flashed across his mind that his children had been drowned. But he had hardly time to realize the possibility of such a calamity when in stole the curate, with a soft step and a smiling face.

"There is no imminent danger," he said, at once. "There is yet half an hour, during which it is quite possible to save them. But lose not a moment in sending a messenger on horseback to the nearest fisherman, and bid him bring round his boat directly. If you'll lend me one of your horses, I'll go myself."

Orders were given for the immediate saddling of a horse, and meanwhile Sir William learned from Mr. Ling that Master William had run his boat upon a sunken rock; that she had filled and gone down; and that the boy, with his sister, were now upon a point of rock a quarter of a mile from the shore, from which they were cut off by the flowing tide. In half an hour the point on which they stood would be a foot below water, and unless a boat could be procured by that time, they would be in peril.

In a few seconds more the saddled horse stood at the door. Mr. Ling mounted it and rode off.

By this time, however, Lady Windus was on her way down to the shore. The moment she heard of the boat she guessed all the rest.

The truth, however, was that Emily and Miss Joan had been sent out in the pony phaeton, under the charge of the page, for a drive; that William, seeing the equipage, ran his boat inshore; and that, as Emily declined to venture on account of her tendency to bile, and her dislike of sharks, he took his sister, of his own lordly will and authority, under his protection. The boat struck, filled, and went down; and, by the greatest good fortune, William, with Joan in his arms, was able to reach the point of rock on which he now stood.

What were the feelings of Lady Windus when she reached the shore, and beheld her children on a small spot of rock, with the sea all round them—smooth almost as glass it is true—but with the tide flowing, and every minute covering a fresh portion of the rock on which her babes were standing.

But in vain did her mother's heart swell within her till it was nigh bursting, as she saw the little dimpled hands of her Joan stretched out toward her, and her brave boy took off his cap and waved it cheeringly to her with a manly courage, which he drew from her own generous blood much more than from his sire's.

But could nothing be done?

Sir William now appeared on the road which ran along the shore. He was followed by the old game-keeper; by Emily Carter, who had recovered; by Sarah Chambers, who wished to see with her own eyes what the precise extent of the danger was; by the housekeeper, the stable-boy, and a rat-catcher who happened to be passing along the road at the time, and was drawn to the beach by that love of the terrible which kings, philosophers, high damsels and low, noble marquises, baronets, and rat-catchers, share equally among them.

Well, was there no one there who could swim?

Unhappily Sir William could not, nor the game-keeper. Sarah Chambers said, if there was no one who could make the attempt, she herself would try it; but, when questioned on her powers as a swimmer, she replied that she could only float; and that even that feat she had never performed out of her depth.

The rat-catcher being applied to by Emily Carter, looked at that young person solemnly for several seconds, and then quietly closed his eyes, and thus addressed her:

"Young woman, do you see this here rat in this here cage?"

"Well?" demanded Emily, with much dignity.

"Then, unless some on you can swim furderer nor me, or unless a boat comes up, or unless somethink else happens, which I sees no promising sign on, I wouldn't give the life of this here rat for the life of them two childer."

And the tide was rising. Smooth as glass—smooth, specious, and smiling as a lying hypocrite it was rising, and Lady Windus could see that already it was licking the feet of her children.

"Look, look, William!" she exclaimed, at the same time directing her husband's attention to the rock; "he lifts her up. The water is at their feet! My God! can we do nothing?"

Yes, it was true. The water was at their feet. William had raised Joan in his arms; and as he saw his mother direct the baronet's attention to them, he called out, though she couldn't hear him—

"All right, mamma; there's plenty of time yet."

Plenty of time! The sea was flowing in. Often as the party on the shore turned their eyes in the direction in which Mr. Ling had ridden to procure a boat, there was nothing in sight.

Lady Windus had fainted. Sir William stood the picture of agony, looking at his children. Sarah Chambers, Emily, and the stable-boy were grouped round the old game-keeper, who assisted them in shedding a great many tears, but had nothing better to offer his young master and Miss Joan, though he avowed, and perhaps truly, that he was ready to die for them.

The rat-catcher had seated himself on a stone.

"Are those your children?" asked a man who stood at Sir William's side, but whose approach had not been noticed.

The baronet did not turn to look at the speaker. It was some seconds, indeed, before he recognized that any one had addressed him; but when he did so, he replied, in a deep whisper of despair—

"They are."

The man's gaze was fixed upon the children. Sir William's was fixed upon him. He thought he remembered him, and so he did, for it was the acrobat.

It was Duval!—Duval, who had prayed for vengeance as the sole favor for which he would trouble Heaven. It was Duval, at whose door, if he could be said ever to have had one, all the miseries of life had knocked, and at whose hearth they had seated themselves. For did not she, whom he had loved more than himself—Martha—did not she lie in her cold grave, with her baby by her side, in the same pauper's coffin? And now—what was left to Duval?—only to wait for death.

Nay, something more—to live for revenge!

For no boat made its appearance, the tide had risen six inches more, and now they saw the boy kneel down in the water, and look up as if he were praying. And only Duval could save him and his sister—only Duval. He alone, of all who stood there, could breast the flood to the rock and back with the girl—to the rock and back again with the boy.

Why not tell Sir William so? Why not, indeed? Is not revenge sweet?

And still the tide was rising. Lady Windus, restored for a moment to consciousness, opened her eyes; but no sooner realized her position than she relapsed into insensibility.

"Sir William," said Duval; "I see you remember me! Once I thirsted for revenge upon you! For two long years I thirsted for it, and prayed for it. Heaven has sent it to me!"

A bright light shot from his eyes as he said this, and then he slowly walked down to within a few paces of the water. He undressed; he waded into the sea till it came up to his breast, and then, throwing himself forward, struck out for the rock.

We shall not describe the joy with which the parents, who had watched in agonized suspense the acrobat's attempt to rescue their children, received them back into their arms. But while they were fondling them, Duval had dressed and slipped away. He had regained the road, and was pursuing his journey with a light step and a light heart, for he had had his revenge.

No, not all of it. Sir William no sooner missed him than he set out in pursuit of him.

"Here," exclaimed the baronet, when at last he came up with him, endeavoring to put a well-filled purse into Duval's hand. "You have saved my children, and are entitled—I say entitled—to a reward."

Duval drew back his hand.

"I have had it!" he exclaimed, darting a look of fierce and withering scorn at the baronet, and then, turning from him with an expression of contempt, pursued his journey.

And the proud baronet stood looking after him, rebuked and humbled.

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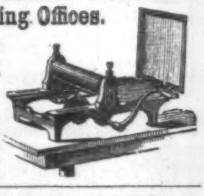

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